

4MOST

Spring
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VOL. 5 NO. 2



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4 - Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Hi, gang:

In spite of weather conditions, Spring is not too far off and we're all looking forward to the playoff for the basketball championship, and to the beginning of the baseball season!

Kit Carter and Dan Merry are rushing the season a little in this issue by romping through a beach party and a picnic. Dan really meets his match in this story. We think you'll enjoy it a lot.

When you read over the letters in the adjacent columns, you'll notice quite a few criticisms, along with the other things our readers write to us. We're interested in hearing from all of you 4MOST fans, so get in the game and let us have your ideas and suggestions on how to improve the magazine.

In the first letter, Allan Hurwitz tells us how he feels about Target and the Targeteers. Further along, Frank Rehrig suggests that we include more war stories, and Stanley Barnes complains that Candid Charlie didn't appear in Winter 4MOST. All these letters are very welcome so join the crowd, guys and gals, and let us hear from you about this issue!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

Dear Editors:

Your book is one of the best magazines published. The Q's and A's are very intelligent.

I would suggest that you put in a better story than Target and the Targeteers. My favorite stories are Dick Cole, Edison Bell, and The Cadet. Keep up these stories and your magazine will be a success with everyone.

Yours, truly,
Allan Hurwitz
Boston, Mass.

Sorry you don't like Target and the Targeteers, Allan. They don't appear in this issue of 4MOST, but you might see them in the Summer number.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished your Winter issue of 4MOST comics, and I enjoyed it very much. I like all your characters, but I guess Dick Cole is my favorite.

I also enjoy the small jokes and the Q's and A's. 4MOST is tops on my list and I hope I get to read every issue.

Sincerely yours,
Donald Belinsky
Detroit, Michigan

Glad 4MOST rings the bell with you, Don. We hope you get to read every issue, too.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Just finished reading the Winter edition of 4MOST, and it seems to my pal and me that it's one of the best we've read yet. My pal and I agree that Dick Cole is our favorite story.

I think you should put in more war stories because I still like them, even though the war is over. I enjoy the questions and answers and let my pal ask me the questions.

Yours truly,
Frank Rehrig
Kansas City, Missouri

We're glad you and your pal agree on 4MOST, Frank. And we'll give some thought to your suggestion about war stories.

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Winter 4MOST was all right except for one thing—Candid Charlie wasn't in it.

Edison Bell and Jerry were great and the pirate's den at the end of the story is just what I have been waiting for.

Sincerely yours,
Stanley Barnes
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

You'll find Candid Charlie in this issue, Stan, and he has some exciting adventures.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think 4MOST is what one would call "super", and really mean it. Dick Cole and Edison Bell are my favorites because their adventures are always so exciting.

When my brother and I argue over who is to read 4MOST first, my father steps in and says, "I will read 4MOST first." He's a loyal fan, too.

Cordially yours,
Dorothy Smith
Southampton, N. Y.

Your father knows how to settle an argument, doesn't he, Dorothy?

* * *

Dear Editors:

I read 4MOST for the first time, and it's the best of all the different comic books I've read.

I especially like Dick Cole. His adventures sure are thrilling. I also enjoy the Questions and Answers.

Sincerely yours,
Eunice Voss
Wyocena, Wisconsin

We're always glad to welcome new readers, Eunice. Thank you for your nice letter.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I am an old 4MOST fan and have just finished reading the last issue. My favorite strips are Dick Cole and Eddie Bell. I disagree with some people who think Eddie Bell is too bright for his age.

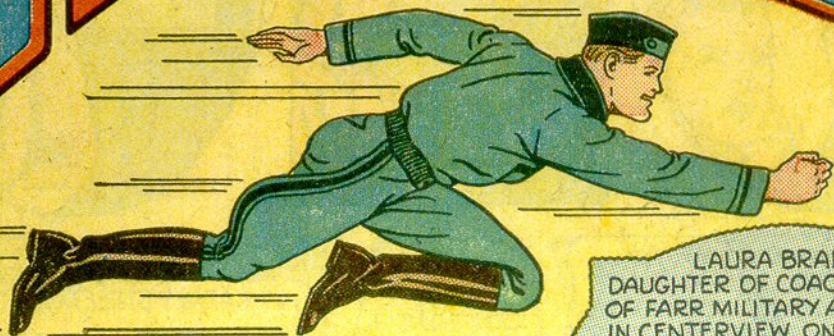
A faithful reader,
Ersel Broom
Orange, Texas

We welcome correspondence from old 4MOST fans, Ersel. We think Eddie Bell is a "regular" guy too.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX—

LAURA BRADLY, DAUGHTER OF COACH BRADLY, OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, IS IN CENTERVIEW ON AN AFTER-NOON SHOPPING TOUR.

IT IS NEARING CLOSING TIME WHEN SHE ENTERS BERTIN-FULLER'S DEPARTMENT STORE FOR SOME LAST MINUTE PURCHASES. SHE CONSULTS HER SHOPPING-LIST....

LINGERIE'S IN AISLE 9, AND... WHY, THERE'S DICK COLE! AND HE'S NOT IN UNIFORM! OOH! MAJOR FARR'S IN TOWN AND IF HE CATCHES DICK IN CIVVIES, IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD. I'LL GO OVER AND SPEAK TO HIM.

AISLE 4.

AISLE 5



IN TOWN, OUT OF UNIFORM IS DISMISSAL IF CAUGHT...
DICK! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
OH!

HUH? HOW'D YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHAT'S IT TO YOU, WHAT I'M DOIN'? WHO ARE YOU?

GULP! OH...I, UH, WHY, YOU AREN'T DICK! I...I'M SORRY.



Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Managing Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

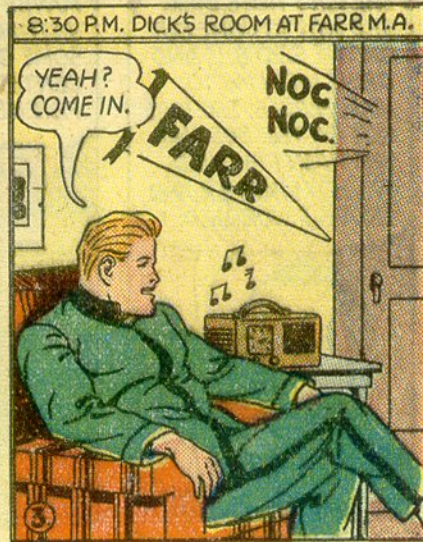
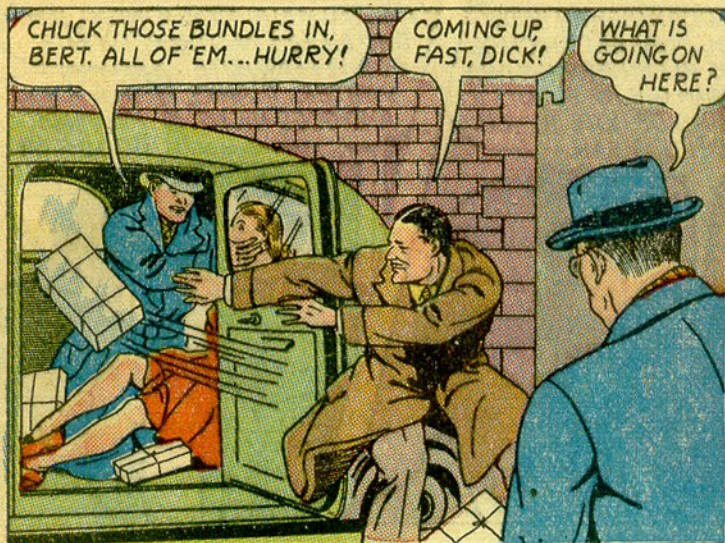
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Associate Editor—PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

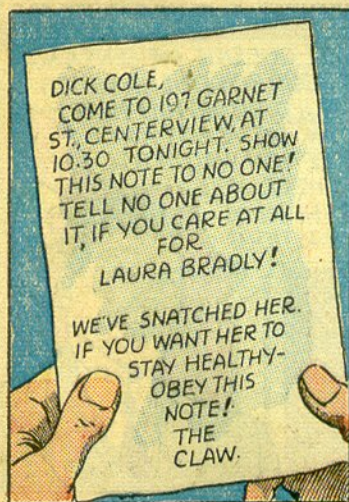
Editorial Assistant—HELEN DOIG SCHMID

4MOST, Vol. 5, No. 2, Spring 1946, published quarterly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price 75 cents per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, November 4, 1941, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

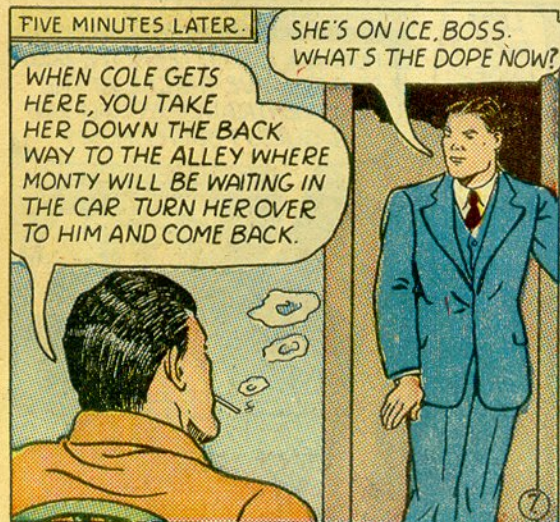
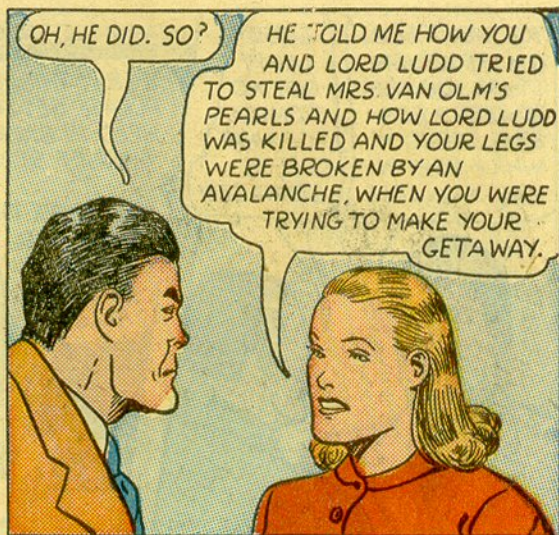


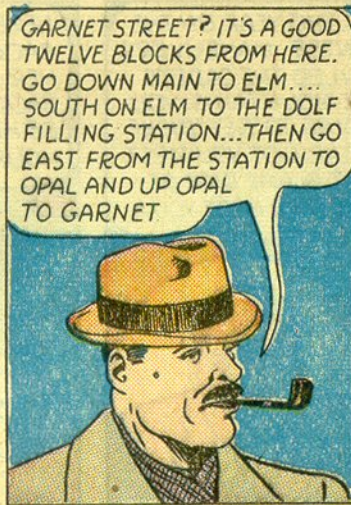












BACK TO
THE BOYS.

DICK! LISTEN!...
"FINDER PLEASE GET
POLICE. I'M BEING HELD IN
BACK ROOM OF 197 GARNET
STREET. HURRY LAURA BRADLY.



SO, SHE IS THERE! GO TO THE
FRONT DOOR AND I'LL WAIT
FIVE MINUTES, AS PLANNED!
KEEP 'EM OCCUPIED AS LONG
AS POSSIBLE, TED.



OKAY,
DICK

DICK WAITS THE ALLOTTED TIME,
THEN, SLIPPING INTO THE YARD,
HE CLIMBS A TREE BESIDE THE HOUSE—

AND CRAWLS OUT ON A LIMB, WHICH,
BENDING UNDER HIS WEIGHT, LOW-
ERS HIM TO THE REAR PORCH ROOF
OF 197 GARNET STREET.



SO FAR, SO GOOD!
I'LL TRY THIS WINDOW.
LAURA?... LAURA!

HE TRIES THE
NEXT WINDOW.

LAURA!... YOU
THERE, LAURA?



OH! DICK! DICK! I'LL
OPEN THE WINDOW!
OH... DICK!

MEANWHILE TED HAS REACHED
THE FRONT DOOR AND RUNG THE
BELL.

THE DOOR BELL!
IT'S COLE, SURE! DICK, UP-
STAIRS AND TEND TO THE
GIRL! BERT, ANSWER THE
BELL! BE
WITH YOU
IN A JIFFY
TO HELP
WELCOME
MISTER
COLE!



RING
RING

HEY! YOU AIN'T..
..ARE YOU? UH,
WHAT D'YOU
WANT?

WILL YOU
DIRECT ME
TO MAYOR
CARR'S HOUSE?



SCRAM, KID!
HEY, TAKE
YOUR FOOT
OUT OF THE
DOOR!

YOU TELL
ME WHERE
HE LIVES!
THEN I WILL.



TAKE YOUR FOOT OUT—*
WHAT THA—! LE'GO MY
TIE! GAH— HEY, DED-DY!
HE'S... GLUP! CHOKIG BE!



WHAT GOES ON—* HERE! THAT
AIN'T DICK COLE! LEGGO THE
TIE, YOU CRAZY— WHOA! IT'S
TED TODLEY, OLD
VAN OLM'S
PET!



AS DENNY LUNGES FOR TED, TED GIVES A TERRIFIC YANK ON BERT'S TIE, PULLING HIM FORWARD, OFF BALANCE, -AND-



DENNY CRASHES INTO BERT FROM BEHIND. BOTH MEN SPRAWL DOWN THE STEPS, AS TED DASHES AWAY.



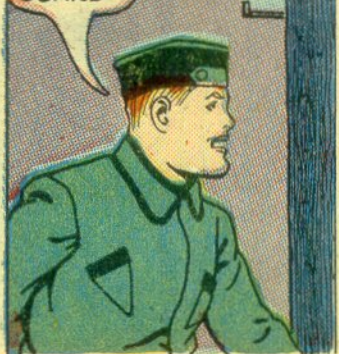
DENNY AND BERT PICK THEMSELVES UP AND RE-ENTER THE HOUSE

BERT! YOUNG TODLEY MEANS.. DICK COLE IS AROUND!

YEAH? MAY BE WE'D BETTER CHECK UP- WHAT WAS THAT!



AND TED? I'LL SLIP ROUND BACK AND SEE WHAT'S UP. I BETTER GO EASY. THEY MAY HAVE AN OUTSIDE GUARD.



WE RETURN UPSTAIRS TO DICK AND LAURA

LAURA! YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE! CLIMB THROUGH THIS WINDOW TO THE ROOF

DICK! SH! SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR!



OKAY, SLICK CHICK, WE'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE, SO- WHO ARE YOU?



SILENTLY, DICK SPRINGS, BUT HIS FEET TANGLE IN LAURA'S BUNDLES, AND HE SPREAD-EAGLES ON THE FLOOR.



WITH A SNARL, THE GANGSTER LEAPS FOR THE PROSTRATE CADET BUT, LAURA THRUSTS FORTH A FOOT, AND--



HE GOES DOWN WITH A HEAVY THUD.



QUESTION No. 5 What is the guard at an entrance to a military post known as?



TED TODLEY ENTERS THE ALLEY JUST AS MONTY AND HIS STRUGGLING BURDEN REACH THE CAR.



WHAT THA...? WHY THAT'S LAURA! THIS IS MY CUE TO COME ON STAGE!



HYAH, LAURA! HELP ME CARRY THIS GOON INTO THAT YARD. HE'S OUT, COLD.

TED!... AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

THERE! HE'LL STAY PUT FOR AWHILE. NOW, YOU GO FOR THE POLICE, QUICK, LAURA! I'M GOING BACK INTO THE HOUSE. I'LL SNEAK IN THE FRONT...MAYBE I CAN SURPRISE THEM- AND HELP DICK.



BUT, AS LAURA RUNS FOR AID, AND TED SNEAKS INTO THE HOUSE, DOWN THE BACK STAIRS—



THE GIRL'S PROBABLY GONE FOR THE COPS, SO, WE'LL PUT COLE IN THE CAR AND BEAT IT FOR THE HIDE OUT.

DICK IS CARRIED FROM THE HOUSE AND PLACED IN THE CAR—

MONTY. MONTY! NOW WHERE'S HE GONE TO? NEVER MIND. BERT, GET IN THE REAR WITH COLE. POP HIM IF HE COMES TO. DICK, YOU DRIVE. LET'S GO.



HE WON'T NEED TO BE POPPED. HE'LL SLEEP FOR AN HOUR AT LEAST.

TED REACHES THE REAR ROOM—



TOO LATE! THERE THEY GO. I FAILED DICK. OH, I HOPE LAURA BRINGS THE COPS SOON! MAYBE WE CAN TRAIL THEM.

SOME MILES OUT OF TOWN.



NONE SUSPECT. DICK IS PLAYING POSSUM...WAITING!

HEY, DENNY, HE'S STILL DEAD TO THE WORLD.

GOOD! BUT KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.

DENNY, WHEN WE REACH THE HIDE OUT, WHAT'S THE PROGRAM?

SEE THIS? WHEN I GET THROUGH USIN' THESE NIPPERS ON COLE, HIS OWN MA WOULDN'T KNOW HIM!



I'VE BEEN THINKIN', DENNY. WHY NOT JUST BEAT COLE UP, GOOD?

NO! IT'S HIS FAULT I'M A CRIPPLE, SO, I'M GOING TO MAKE A CRIPPLE OF HIM! THEN PEOPLE WILL STARE AT HIM LIKE THEY STARE AT ME!



IN THE REAR OF THE CAR, DICK SHIVERS, IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF, AT DENNY'S VICIOUS SPEECH, AND WONDERS WHEN HIS CHANCE FOR A BREAK WILL COME.



REACHING THE HILLS, THE CAR SHIFTS INTO SECOND, AS IT COMES TO A STEEP GRADE.

HEH, DENNY, GIVE ME A LIGHT. I'M TIRED OF SMOKIN' THIS DRY.



AS BERT HALF RISES, TO LEAN FORWARD, DICK TAKES A LONG CHANCE.

HE LAUNCHES HIS ATTACK JUST AS THE CAR REACHES THE SUMMIT OF THE NARROW ROAD.



BERT'S WEIGHT SMASHES THE DRIVER DOWN ONTO THE WHEEL, HIS FOOT PRESSES THE ACCELERATOR, THE CAR SWERVES OUT OF CONTROL.... DICK FLINGS OPEN A DOOR AND- JUMPS!



DICK'S LEAP CARRIES HIM OVER THE RIM-BUT-

THANK GOODNESS FOR THIS TREE! OH!! THE CAR'S GONE OVER! OH!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN CENTERVIEW. THE CHIEF'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

THERE IS NO REASON FOR YOU TO STAY LONGER, MISS BRADLY. SO, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE FREE TO LEAVE ANY TIME.

CHIEF
OF
POLICE

H. H. MCGRAW

OH, THANK
YOU, CHIEF
M^S GRAW

THEN THE
CASE IS
CLOSED, SIR?

NOT COMPLETELY. YOU SEE WE FOUND ONLY TWO BODIES IN THE WRECKAGE, AND THREE MEN WERE IN THE CAR WHEN IT WENT OFF THE ROAD. SO, ONE MAN MUST HAVE SURVIVED THE CRASH AND MADE A GET-AWAY.

HAVE YOU ANY
IDEA WHICH
ONE IT WAS, SIR?

YES... AND NO. THE BODIES WERE CHARRED BEYOND IDENTIFICATION. BUT, WE FOUND THIS A FEW FEET FROM THE WRECK.

OH! DENNY'S
ARTIFICIAL
ARM! THEN,
HE HE IS
DEAD!

WE CAN'T BE SURE. YOU SEE, MISS BRADLY, DENNY MAY HAVE ESCAPED, LEAVING THE ARM BEHIND TO MAKE US THINK HE DIED IN THE FIRE. THEN AGAIN, YOU SEE?

I WISH I DIDN'T!
I'M SO AFRAID
IT IS DENNY WHO
ESCAPED, AND...
THAT HE'LL TRY
AGAIN TO HURT
DICK!

WE HAVE BROADCAST
A DESCRIPTION OF ALL
THREE MEN AND I AM
SURE THAT THE ONE
WHO GOT AWAY WILL
BE PICKED UP SOON,
MISS BRADLY.

COACH BRADLY DRIVES LAURA AND THE BOYS BACK TO FARE.

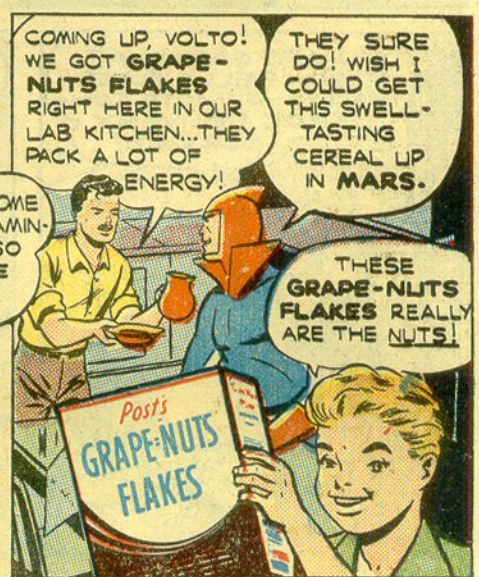
DOGGONE, THIS
SITUATION! I
WISH I KNEW IF
IT'S DENNY WHO
ESCAPED!

SODOI,
TED. BUT
WORRYING
OVER IT
WILL DO
NO GOOD.

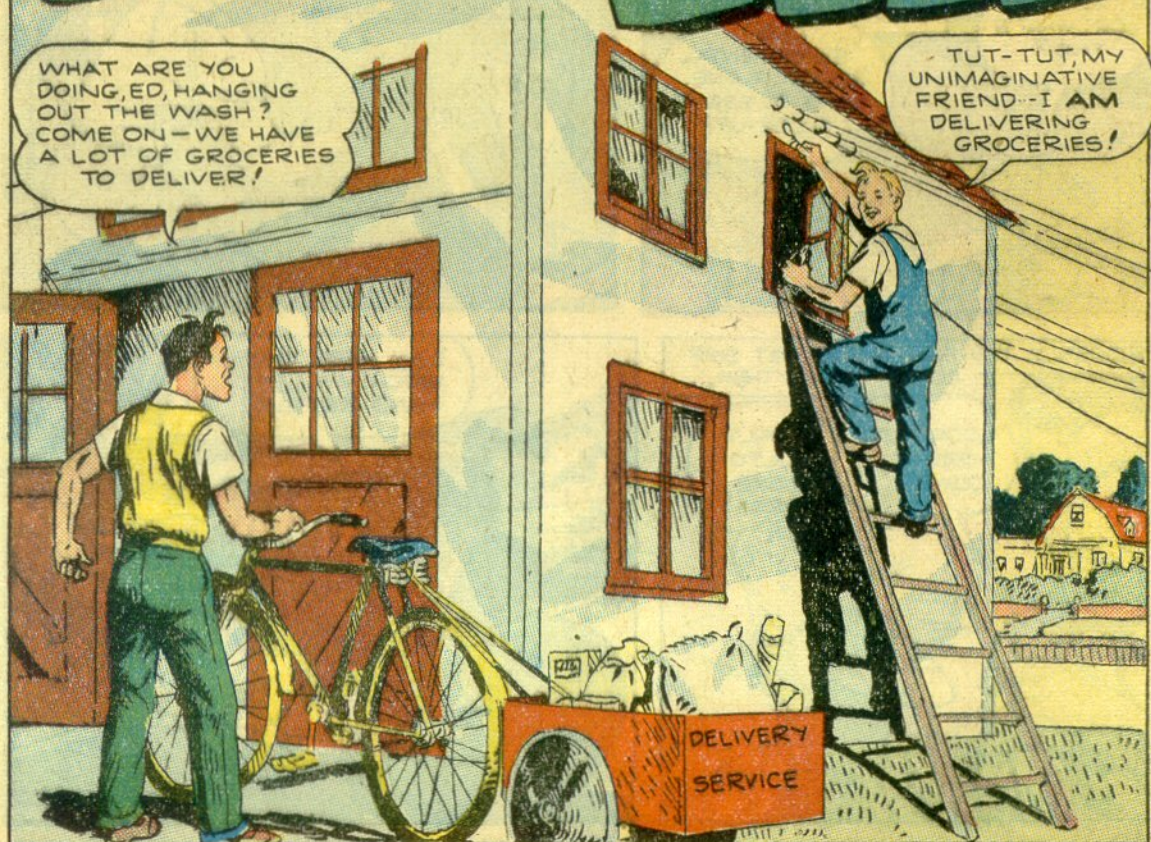
I CAN'T HELP BUT
WORRY UNTIL
THE SURVIVOR IS
CAPTURED AND
WE CAN THEN BE
CERTAIN!

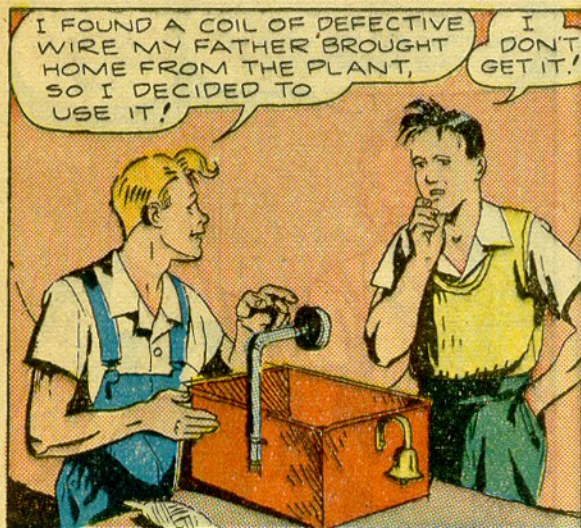
WHAT IS YOUR OPINION? DID DENNY ESCAPE, OR NOT?

THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE. BUT HE RUNS ONE OF
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

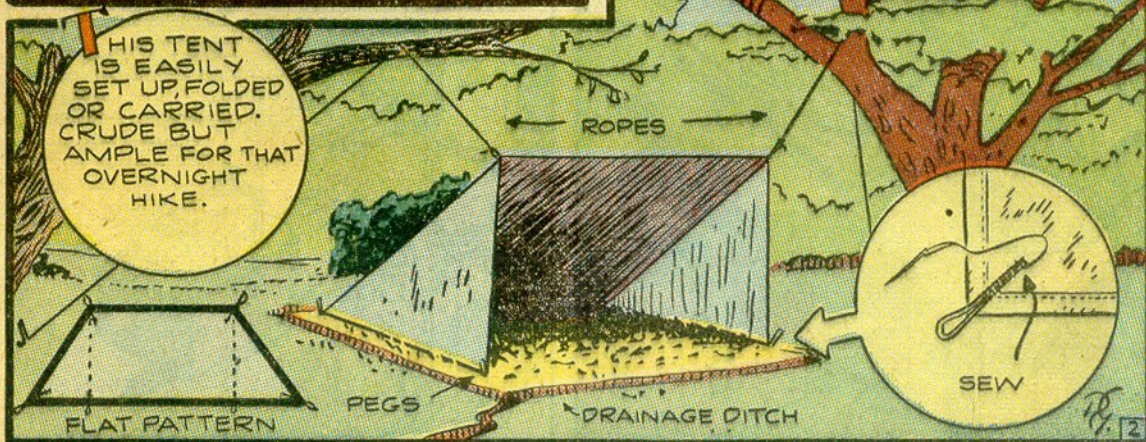


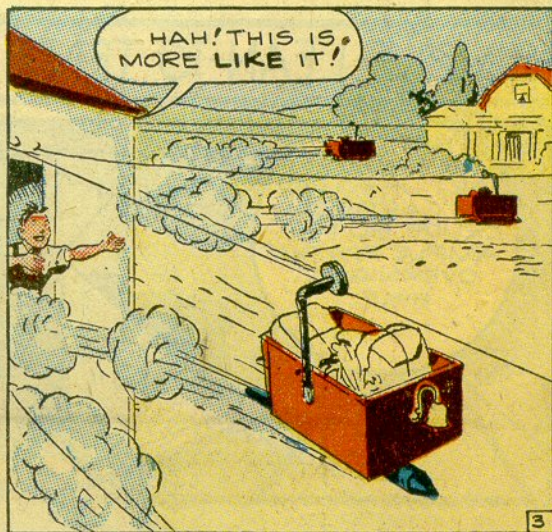
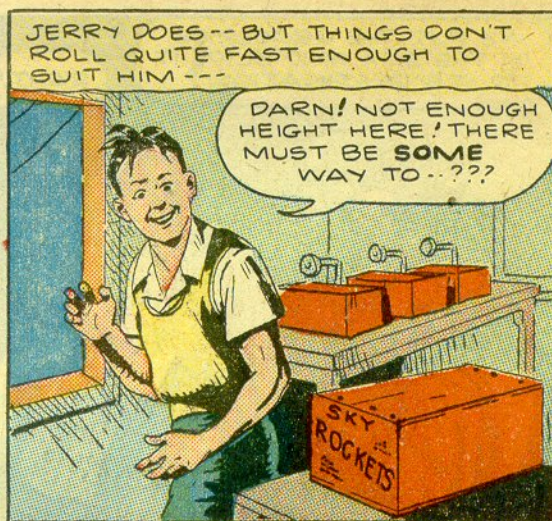
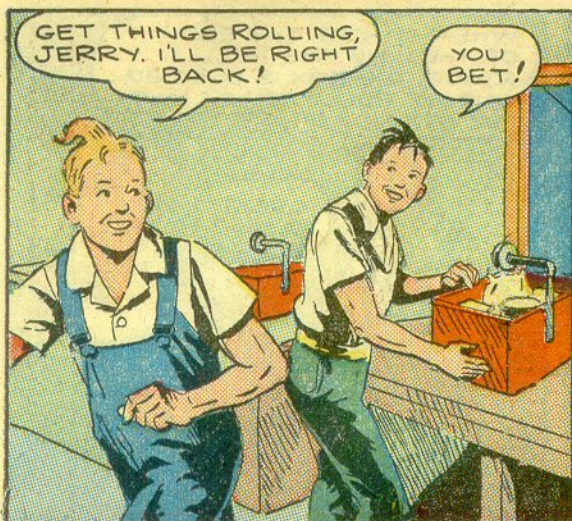
Edison BELL



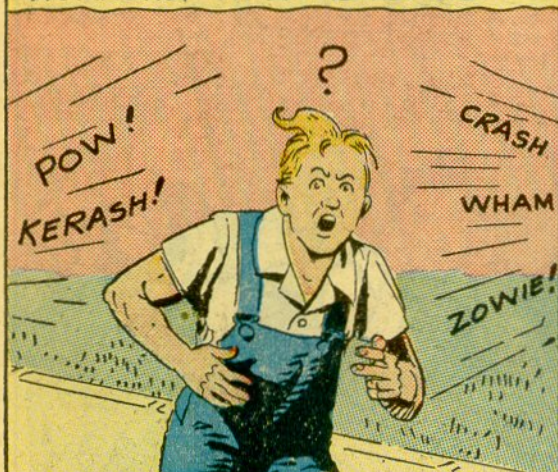


SIMPLE LEAN-TO TENT





ED IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE WORKSHOP WHEN HE HEARS--



JERRY! WHAT IN BLAZES HAVE YOU DONE?

IT'S MY NEW INVENTION!



WHAT INVENTION?

THIS!---JET PROPULSION DELIVERY SERVICE! IT WORKS SWELL, ED!

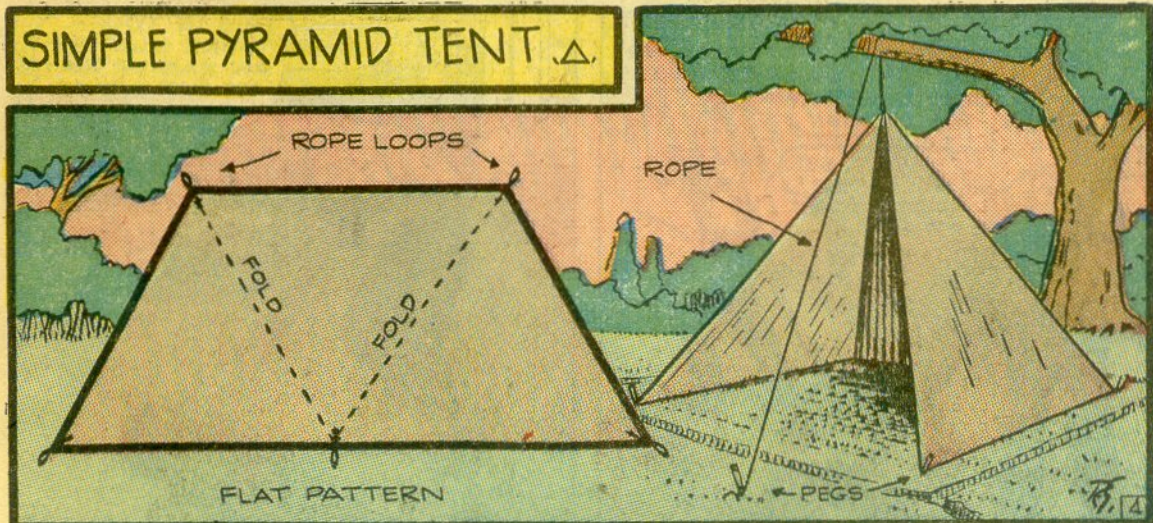


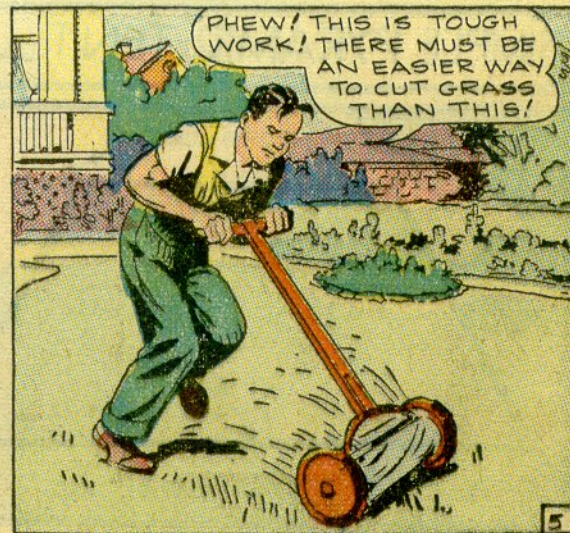
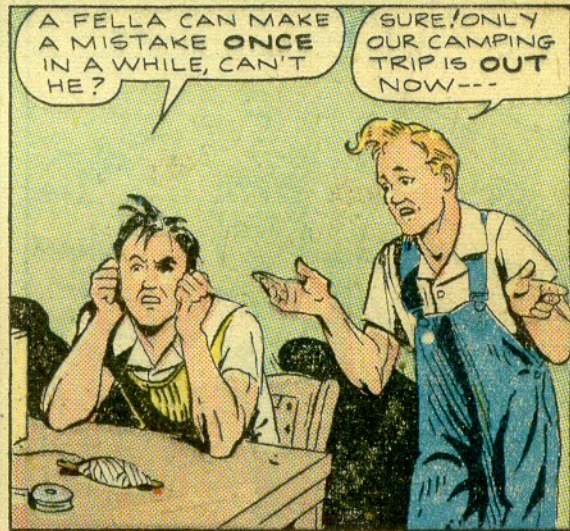
---ONLY I FORGOT TO INSTALL SHOCK ABSORBERS FOR--ER--SUDDEN STOPS!

EGAD! WE'RE RUINED!



SIMPLE PYRAMID TENT Δ





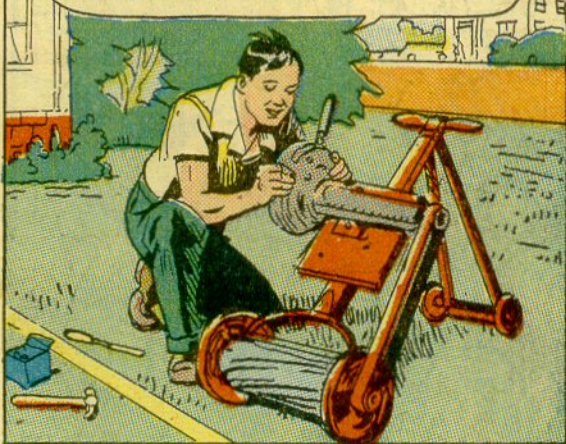
JERRY'S ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED TO A MOTOR DRIVEN LAWN MOWER ACROSS THE STREET---

HEY! THAT'S IT!



AND SO---A SHORT TIME LATER---

DAD NEVER USES THIS OLD OUTBOARD MOTOR ANYWAY!



HAH! I CAN EVEN RIDE THE THING!



IT SUDDENLY SPEEDS UP, HOWEVER---

OOPS!



--AND RUNS AWAY ACROSS THE WELL KEPT FLOWER BEDS!

OH HH! COME BACK!

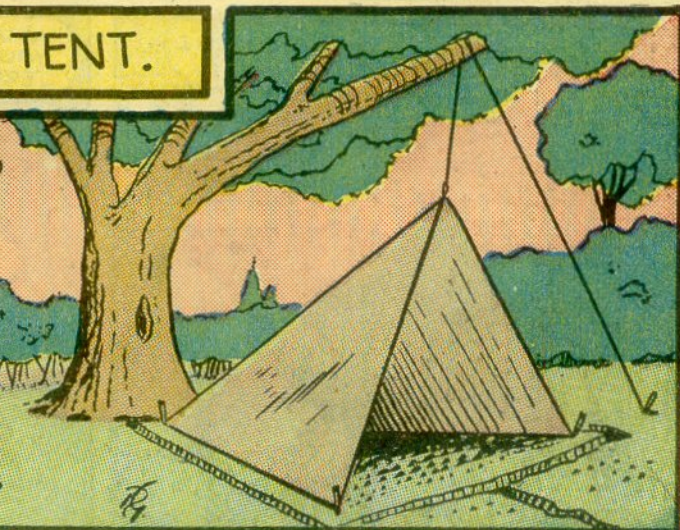
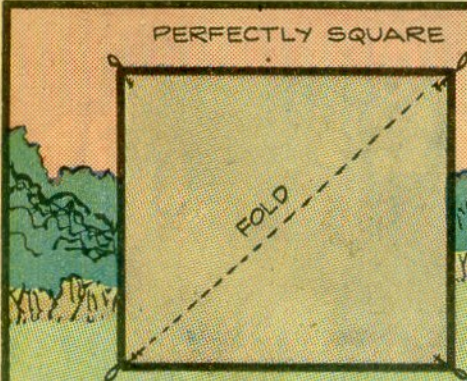


SIMPLE ONE-FOLD TENT.

PERFECTLY SQUARE

FOLD

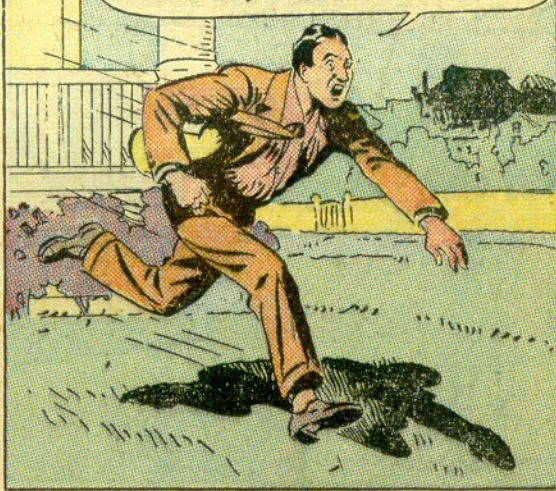
FLAT PATTERN



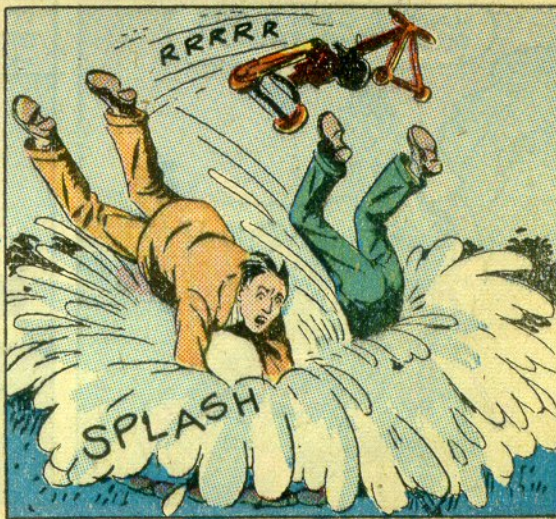
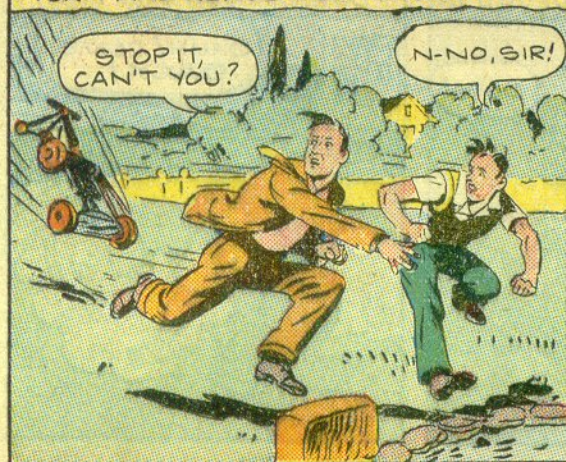
THE MAN OF THE HOUSE LOOKS OUT
AT THE WRONG TIME ---



GREAT GODFREY! IT'S HEADED
FOR MY GREENHOUSE!



THE MACHINE TAKES A SUDDEN
TURN AND HEADS FOR THEM!

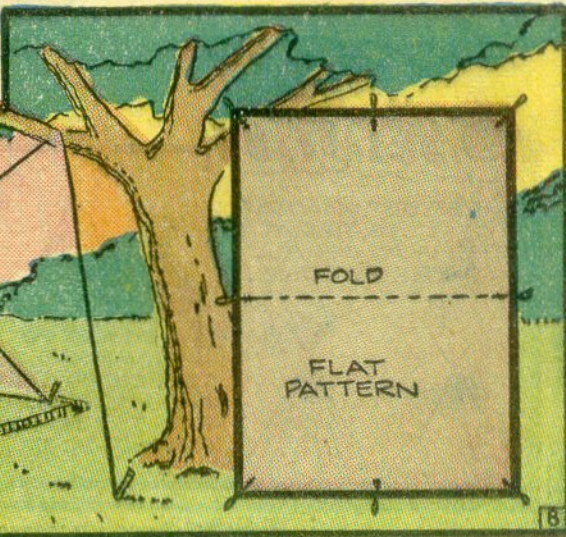
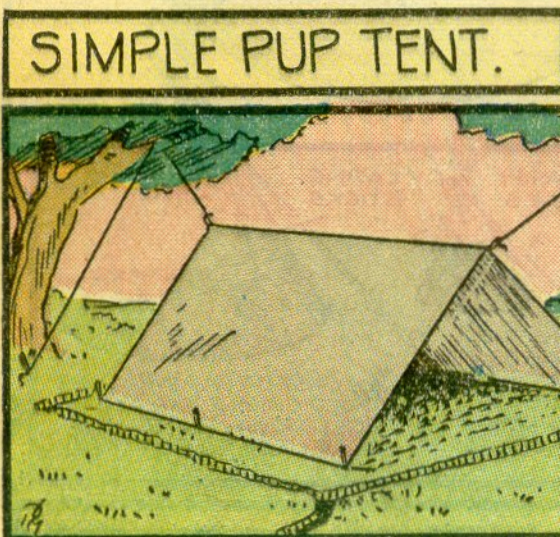
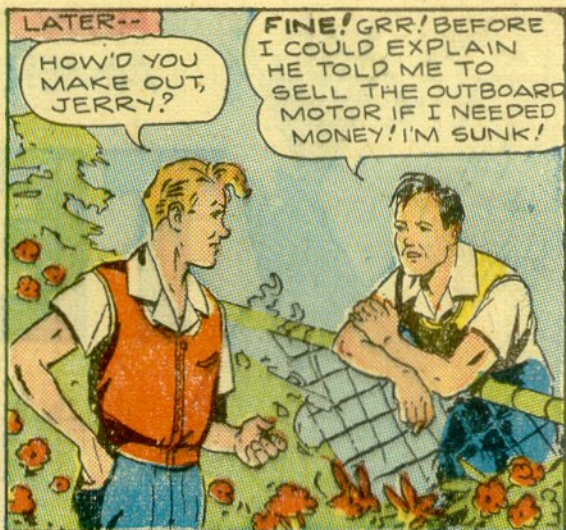
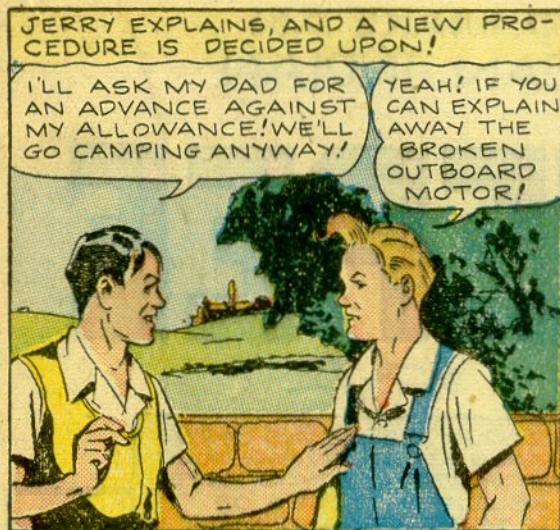


GET! GET OUT BEFORE I
LOSE MY TEMPER!



WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOUR LAWN MOWER,
JERRY? IT'S ALL WET!

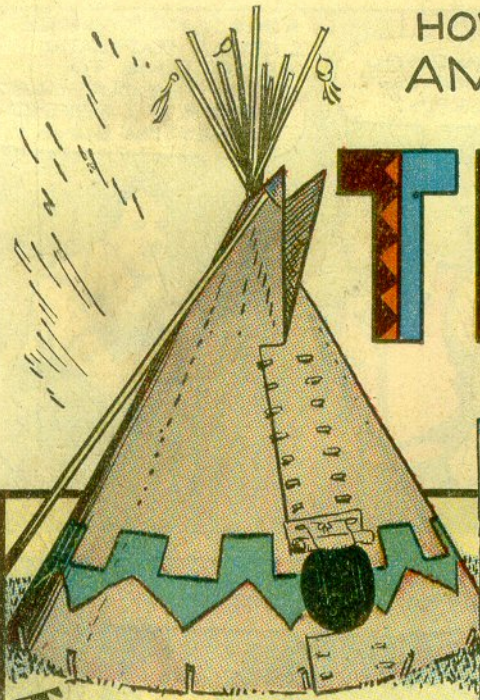




HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN INDIAN

TEEPEE

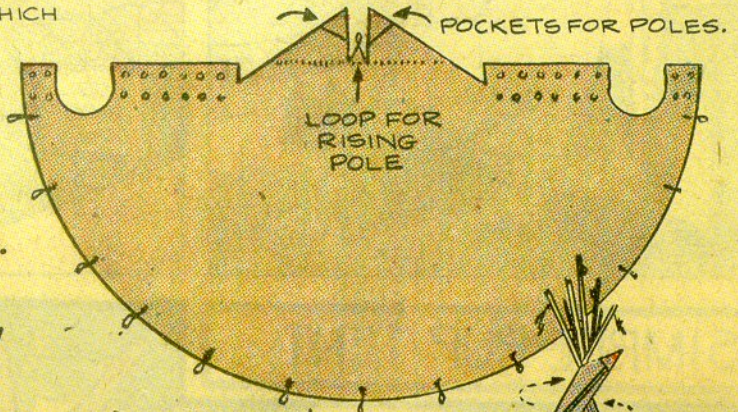
By *T. Gill*



MAKE YOUR TEEPEE AS LARGE OR SMALL AS YOU WISH--AND OUT OF MATERIALS YOU HAVE AVAILABLE. SEW PIECES OF CLOTH TOGETHER AND MELT WAX INTO THEM WITH A MEDIUM WARM IRON IF YOU HAVE NO WATER PROOF CANVAS. OR--PAINT THE ENTIRE COVERING WITH BRIGHT COLORS TO WATERPROOF IT. USE OLD POLES--FROM DEAD TREES, ETC. DO NOT CUT DOWN LIVE TREES!

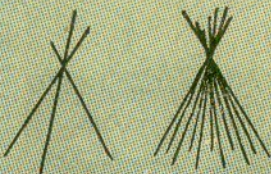
THE PATTERN AT THE LOWER RIGHT SHOWS HOW TEEPEE IS AN EXACT HALF CIRCLE--WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE "CHIMNEY HORNS" WHICH ARE SEWED ON TO IT.

THE DOUBLE ROW OF HOLES OVERLAP WHEN THE TEEPEE IS SET UP--THESE ARE LACED TOGETHER WITH THIN STICKS. SEW A SET OF THIRTEEN LOOPS OF ROPE TO EDGE FOR PEGS.



THIS IS HOW TO SET IT UP

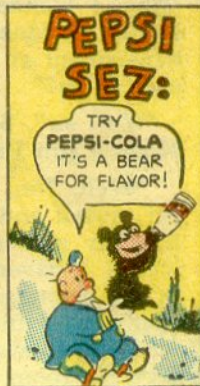
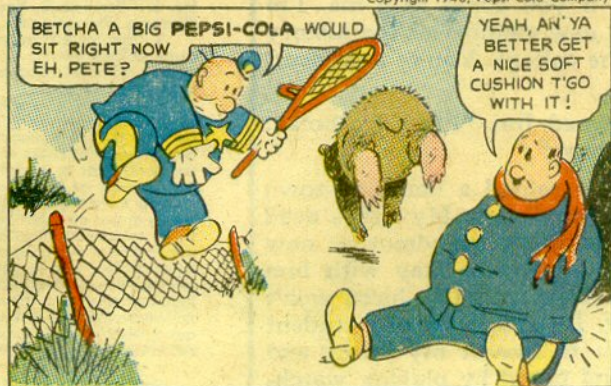
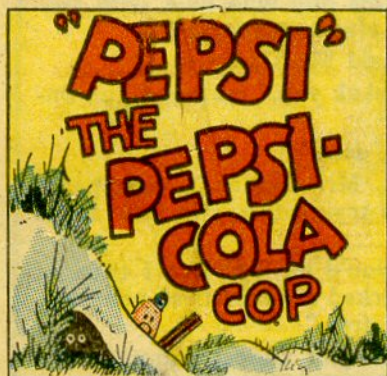
FIRST SET UP A TRIPOD OF POLES, TIED AT TOP, THEN LAY ON ALL OTHERS BUT ONE.



THIS LAST POLE IS THE RISING POLE. FASTEN TEEPEE TO IT, TOP CENTER AND PUT IT IN PLACE DIRECTLY BEHIND SPACE FOR ENTRANCE. LACE UP.

IN CASE OF BAD WEATHER FOLD CHIMNEY IN AND ROLL DOWN ENTRANCE FLAP. LACE TO BOTTOM.

DON'T MISS FRISKY FABLES FOR THE BEST IN COMIC ENTERTAINMENT.



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THE PRAYER

BY MARY LELAND

"**STRIKE** two", the cry came ringing across the field through the open window where Jim was filling the pitcher with ice water. It was Spring! The time when a young man's fancy turns to—baseball. At least Jim's did. "Gosh", he thought, "if it weren't for this job, I'd be over there now trying out for the freshman team. But I just gotta earn this money."

Jim's family had scrimped and saved to give their only son a college education, and part of the bargain was that Jim was to earn money for his board and room. So he had a job as a bellhop at the local inn. All Fall and Winter he'd worked, missing the football and hockey seasons with a few pangs. But now it was *baseball time* and that was a big thing in Jim's life. He'd been captain of his high school team. You couldn't trip Jim up on any baseball question. He knew just about everything: World Series stars from years back, the highest batting averages, and numerous other facts about his beloved game "Gee, if only there were some way I could keep my work and try out for that team. Please, God—"

The strident ring of the call bell interrupted Jim's prayer. He started, saw that it was the man who wanted the ice water, and sped upstairs. When he reached room 102, he knocked and entered. "Ice water, sir?"

"Thank you, boy. Here's a quarter" Jim turned to go, but the man stopped him. "Say, I wonder if you could help me. I'm Robert Gardner, new member of the history department at the college. You're a student, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir", beamed Jim. "I'm a freshman. Name's Jim Bronson".

"Well, Jim, I've rented a house in town for myself and a small boy. My wife's dead and my son is with his grandmother now 'cause I haven't anyone to stay with him in the evenings. The maid I've hired won't stay after dinner. Do you know of a student who would want to live at my house and earn his room and board by playing watchdog to Billy?"

"Y'uh mean this guy who lives with you would have his afternoons free?"

"Certainly", said Mr. Gardner.

"Dear God, thank you," muttered Jim under his breath.

"What's that, son?"

"Er, nothing, Mr. Gardner", stammered Jim. "What I'm trying to say is, how about me?"

"Why, Jim, you'd be fine. But I thought perhaps you worked afternoons so your evenings would be free."

"Oh, no, sir!" Jim almost shouted. "I'd love the job."

"Swell. It's all set then. Oh, one more thing, Jim. This son of mine will pester the life out of you with baseball questions. Know anything about the game?"

"Do I!" beamed Jim. "And from now on, I'm going to know a lot more. Thanks to you and another Friend of mine."

— THE END —

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF 4MOST, published quarterly, at Philadelphia, Penna., for October 1, 1945.

State of Pennsylvania
County of Philadelphia

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Wheeler, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the 4MOST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Premium Service Co., Inc. 111 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.; Editor, Robert D. Wheeler, 12 Colonial Road, Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jane Spaulding Nye, 30 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Premium Service Co., Inc. 111 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

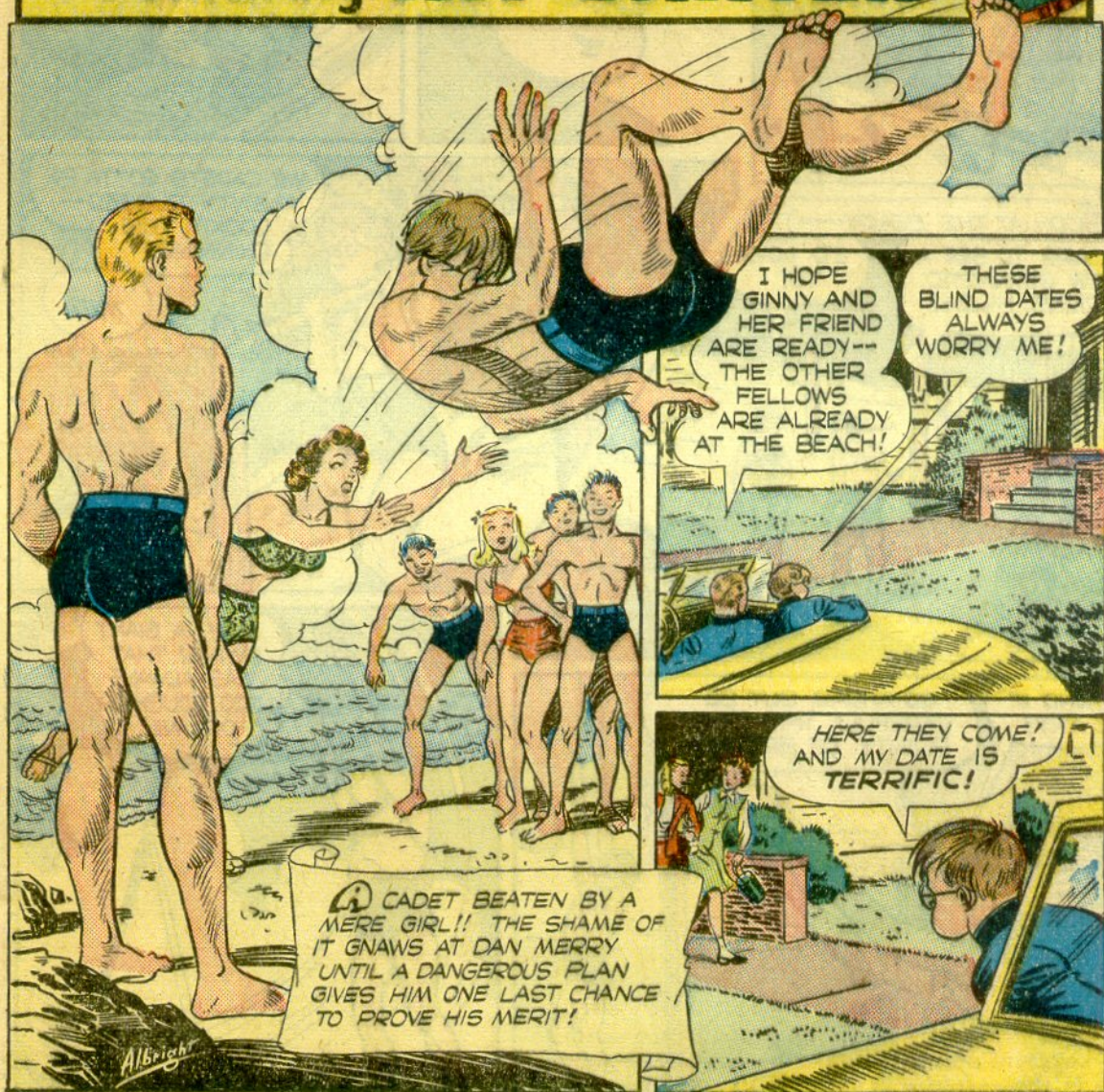
ROBERT D. WHEELER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of October, 1945.

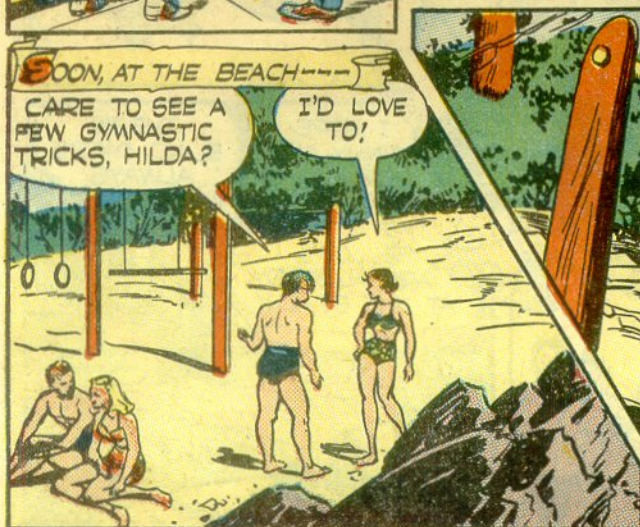
HENRY A. WIEDMAN, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 14, 1947)

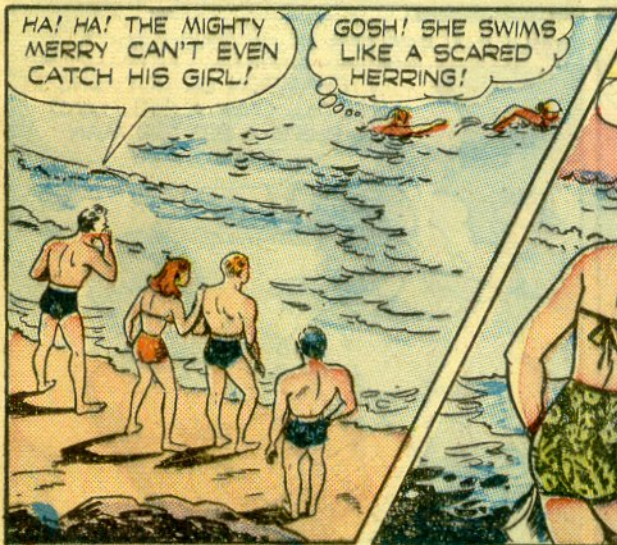
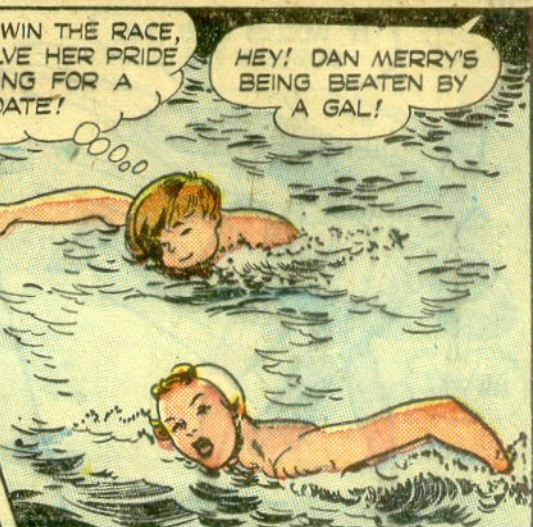
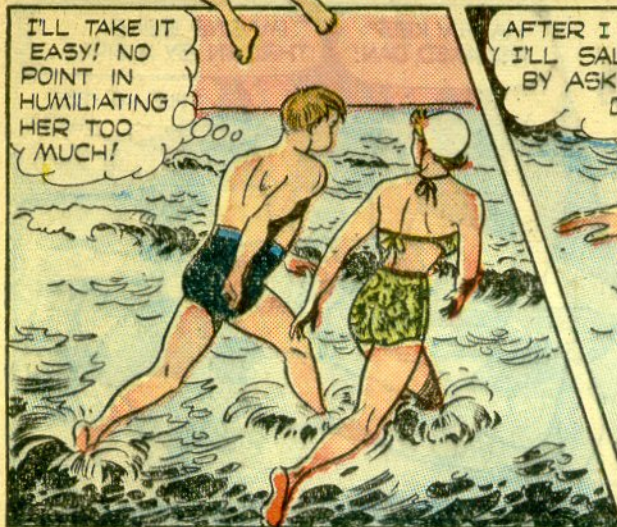
THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



BUY YOUR COPY OF YOUNG KING COLE. IT'S CHOCK FULL OF
EXCITING DETECTIVE YARNS. ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND.





IF I DON'T OUTSHINE HER IN SOMETHING, I'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE WITH HER!



THIS MAY BE TOUGH ON THE POOR GIRL, BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

ER-- CARE TO SEE A FEW JUDO HOLDS, HILDA?



COME AHEAD!

KEEP RELAXED, OR YOU MIGHT GET HURT!



IT WORKS LIKE THIS, DOESN'T IT?

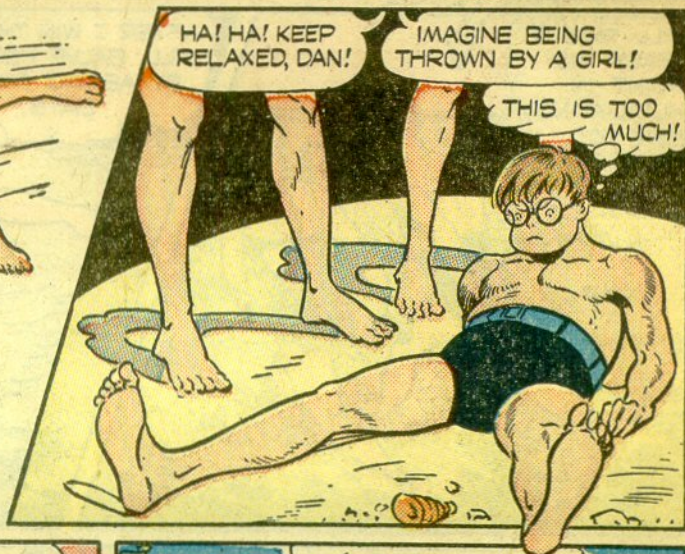


AWWK!

HA! HA! KEEP RELAXED, DAN!

IMAGINE BEING THROWN BY A GIRL!

THIS IS TOO MUCH!



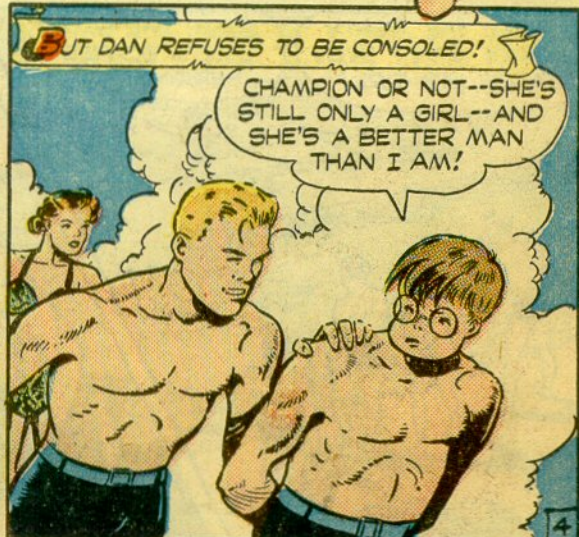
I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT HIM! HE'S CUTE!

KIT, YOU BETTER TELL DAN THAT HILDA IS THE CHAMPION GIRL ATHLETE OF HER STATE!



BUT DAN REFUSES TO BE CONSOLED!

CHAMPION OR NOT--SHE'S STILL ONLY A GIRL--AND SHE'S A BETTER MAN THAN I AM!





DON'T LET IT THROW YOU, DAN!

I'VE BEEN THROWN! I USED TO THINK I HAD WHAT IT TAKES!



IT'S NO USE! HE'S SO HUMILIATED HE CAN'T FACE US!

DEAR! I HOPE HE GETS OVER IT!

BUT IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, DAN TAKES A FURTHER BEATING FROM GOOD-NATURED BUT THOUGHTLESS CLASSMATES



BETTER RUN, DAN! HERE COMES A WOMAN!

MAYBE THE GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM COULD USE YOU AS A SUB!

AW!



SNAP OUT OF IT, FELLA! YOUR MARKS ARE SKIDDING FAST!

I CAN'T CONCENTRATE! GUESS I'M JUST A FLOP!



WE'VE GOT TO BOOST DAN'S MORALE. ALL HIS CONFIDENCE IS GONE!



I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA, KIT!



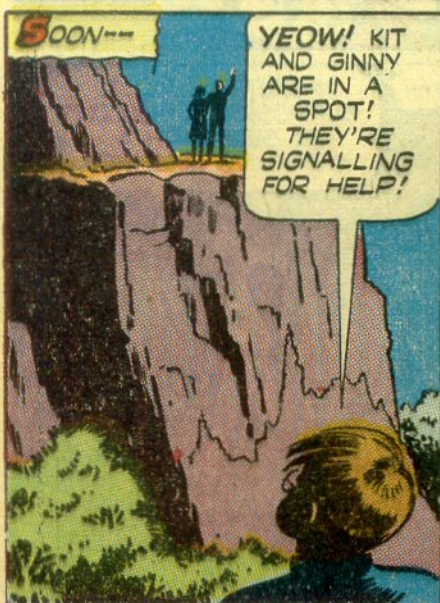
WE'LL TAKE HIM ON A PICNIC, GET IN TROUBLE, AND LET HIM SAVE US! HE'LL BE SO BROOD OF HIMSELF HE'LL STOP THIS SILLY BROODING!

IT'S WORTH TRYING, BUT DON'T BRING HILDA!



NEXT DAY--

WHERE'S HILDA? I SUPPOSE SHE WOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH A WEAKLING LIKE ME!

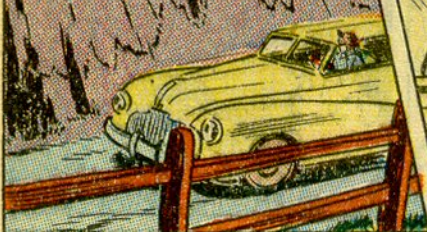


BUT MEANWHILE--

THEY COULDN'T MEAN
TO PICNIC WITHOUT
ME! I'LL DROP IN ON
THEM!

GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE TWO
PEOPLE ARE ABOUT TO
FALL! THEY'LL
BE KILLED!

BUT NOT IF
I CAN HELP
IT!



AND SO, KIT AND GINNY ARE SOON
SURPRISED AND DISMAYED...

HOLD TIGHT, FOLKS!
I'LL HAVE YOU OUT
IN A JIFFY!

YIPE! BEING
BEATEN AGAIN
BY HILDA
WILL JUST ABOUT
FINISH DAN!



OH, BOY! THIS RESCUE
WILL PROVE I'M ON
THE BEAM--ULP!

MAYBE I OUGHTA JUMP
OFF THE CLIFF, AND STOP
KIDDING MYSELF!



BUT HILDA HAS HER WEAK SPOT!

EEE-EEE-EEEEKK!!
SNAKES!
RATTLERS! HELP!!



DAZED BY HER HYSTERICAL FEAR, HILDA TUMBLES TO THE LEDGE BELOW!



I CAN'T BEAR THEM! OH!

CALM DOWN, HILDA!

THEY'RE RATTLES!



HURRY, DAN! SHE'S SO SCARED. SHE MAY KNOCK US ALL OFF!



BE CAREFUL OF THE RATTLES, DAN!

DON'T WORRY! I'D BITE 'EM RIGHT BACK IF I HAD THE TIME!



WORKING COOLLY, DAN COMPLETES THE RESCUE!

OH DAN! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

OH! YOU'RE SO BRAVE!



MARVELOUS MAN! YOU MUST HAVE NERVES OF STEEL!

GULP! GOSH!

NOW THIS IS THE KIND OF SPORT I LIKE!



SURE, HILDA! I'LL GLADLY TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE!

DAN'S HIMSELF ONCE MORE-- BUT I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE THAT THE 'RATTLES' WERE ONLY HARMLESS GARTER SNAKES!



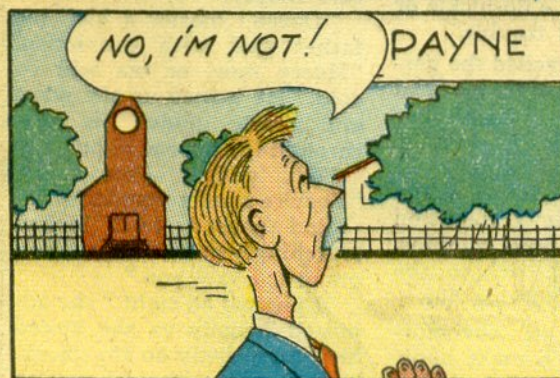
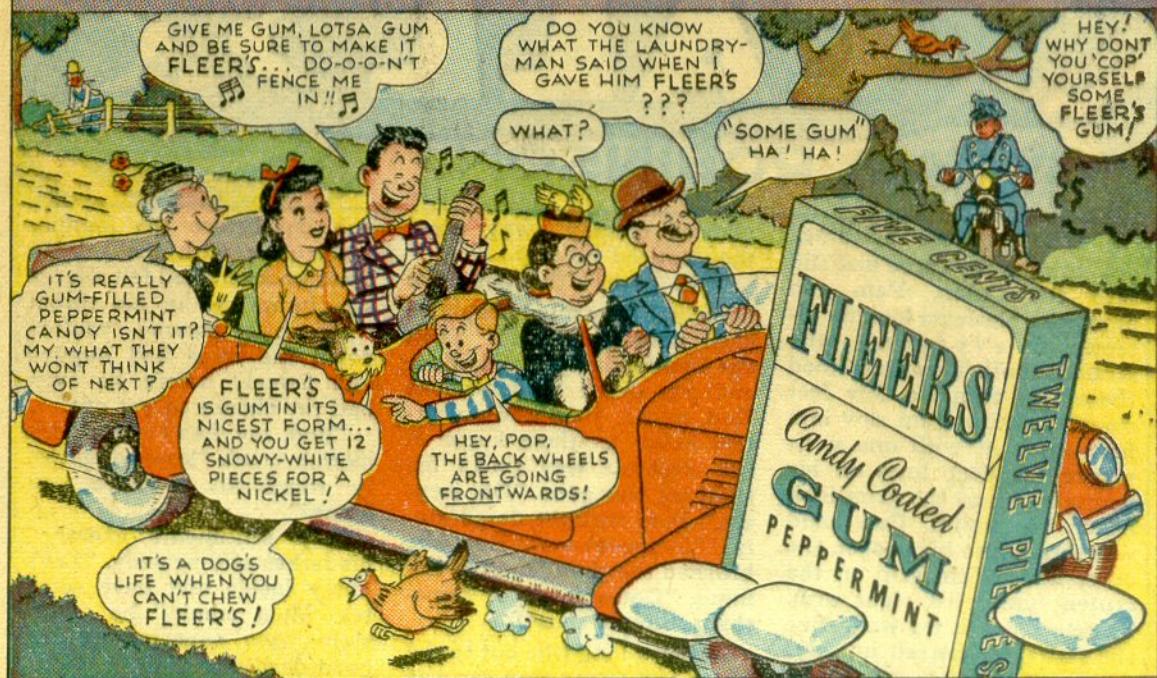
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF KIT CARTER, THE CADET. IN **4 MOST COMICS**

The End

8

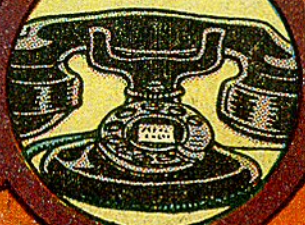
LAUGH AT THE DROLLERY FOUND BETWEEN THE COVERS OF FRISKY FABLES.

ALL IN FLAVOR...SAY **FLEER'S**



FRISKY FABLES IS THE ANSWER, IF YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR THE TOP IN COMIC MAGAZINES.

The CALL



BY PAM ROBINSON

THE engine screamed around the curve and slid into the station. Pam ran along the platform looking intently at everyone who scrambled off. Then Rod stood there less than a few feet away. Luckily, Pam saw him first—took in with one swift glance the deep lines on his young face and the grim look about his mouth. One hand was thrust into his pocket, the other had a firm grip on the crutch under his right arm. She started. His leg was—But she recovered herself quickly.

"Rod!" she cried eagerly. "Rod!"

He turned slowly toward the voice, seeking it out. She was by his side, her arms around his neck before he spoke.

"Pam," he said softly, "how's the little sister." He paused. "What! No pigtailed?"

"Pigtails! I should say not!" She laughed shakily. "I'm all grown up now. You've been away a long time."

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I've been away a long time."

Pam reached for his bag but he bent quickly and picked it up. "This one's on me," he grinned, then added. "No parents? What's this, their siesta hour?"

"It's my driving, angel," Pam replied lightly. "Their car is on the blink, and they refuse to ride in mine. My driving technique terrifies them. No confidence."

Rod laughed shortly and started through the milling crowd. Several of the towns people welcomed him, others

glanced quickly away when they noticed his leg.

"Oh, gosh!" thought Pam fiercely. "Why must people be such absolute idiots!" Then she was suddenly afraid. Mom and pop didn't know about Rod, either. He'd never written, never let them know in the slightest way that his right leg was gone. "Oh, jeepers," Pam thought desperately. "Suppose——" But she brushed the thought from her mind. "Gotta think of something. Simply must!"

It was a long ride out to the house and Pam's tiny car was taking it very slowly. After bursting over the top of a particularly steep hill with one huge chug, the car stopped dead.

"Oh, golly," Pam exclaimed. "Nellie's being temperamental again." She scurried out and jerked up the hood. Her head was lost to view for a moment then reappeared with a satisfied grin. She hopped in. "All set," she remarked unnecessarily as the engine jerked into motion. "I'll have to stop at the garage around the bend, though, and get a do-hickie or we'll be in real trouble."

When they reached the garage Pam tore inside, grabbed the phone, and dialed her home number. She waved the attendant aside impatiently when he started to question her. The whole transaction hadn't taken three minutes, and she dashed back to the driving seat in nothing flat.

"Didn't have it," she murmured, "but we'll make home plate just the same." And Nellie did. They swung into the broad driveway and jolted to

a stop before the familiar white door with the shining brass knocker. Rod felt a large size lump rise in his throat when his parents vaulted down the steps and hugged him fiercely before he even had the chance to get out.

"Rod, my darling," his mother cried, "how completely wonderful to have you home!"

"My sentiments exactly," his father said heartily. "Let's hurry inside and have some tea. Must admit," he added slyly, "we expected you a good deal later."

Pam tweaked his nose playfully and patted Nellie firmly on her ratty hood. "You're casting aspersions again," she said warningly, "and I'll have none of it!" By this time she'd slung Rod's suitcase on the steps and opened the door of the car. He took his crutch from the floor and slowly eased himself from the seat. He heard his mother's gasp but when he glanced up she was looking at him with an odd smile on her face.

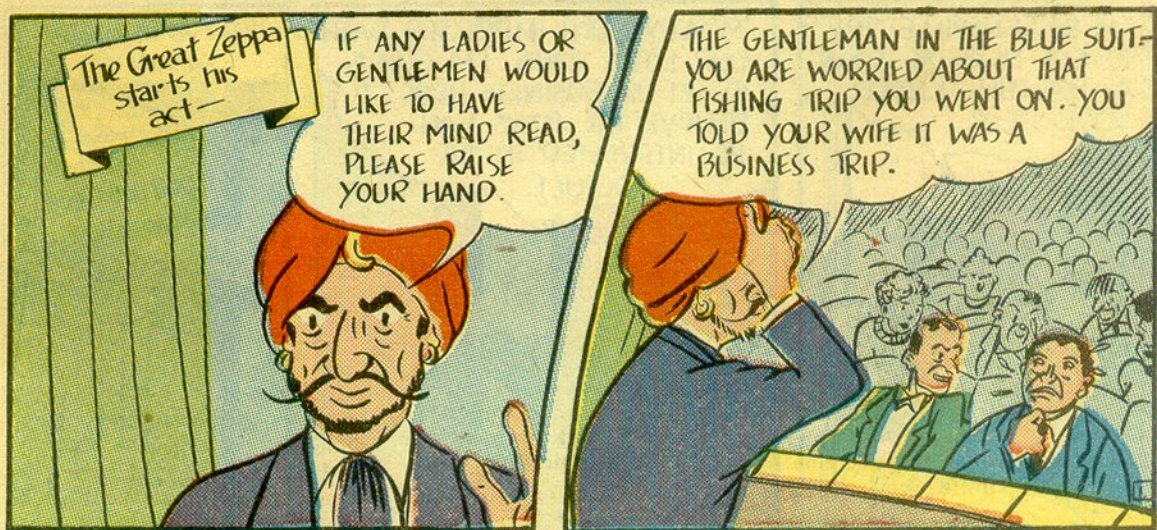
"You didn't write us," she said simply.

"Doesn't matter a bit," his father said with conviction. "Hurry now, or tea will be cold." He turned up the steps and gently guided his wife through the opened door.

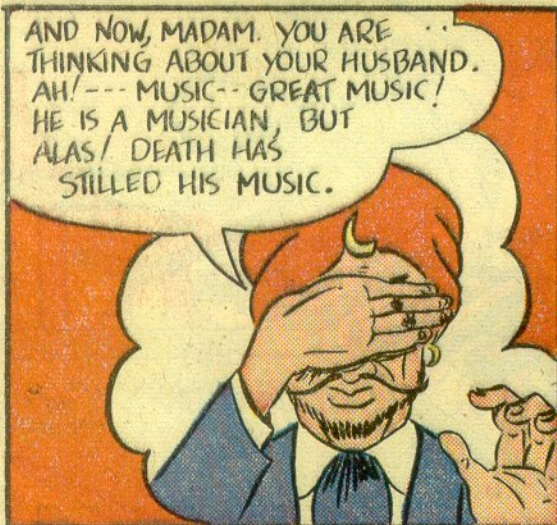
"Oh, golly!" Pam cried. "They're simply wonderful."

Rod paused and looked searchingly at his sister. "You phoned. I saw you."

"I phoned all right," she admitted happily as she kissed him impulsively on the cheek, "but it might interest you to know our phone is out of order!"



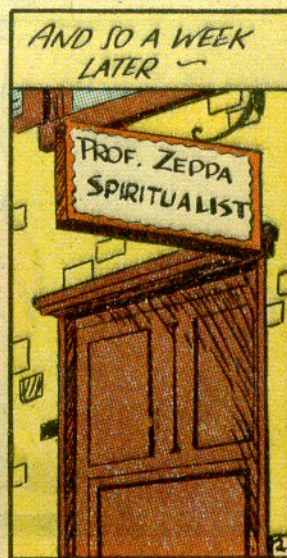
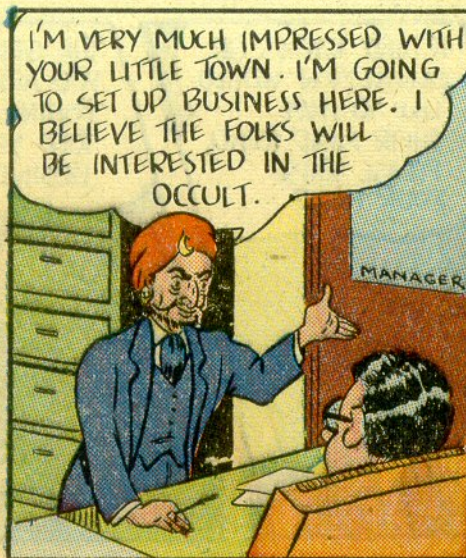
READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN, KINGSTON COLE JR.,
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.



LATER, BACKSTAGE

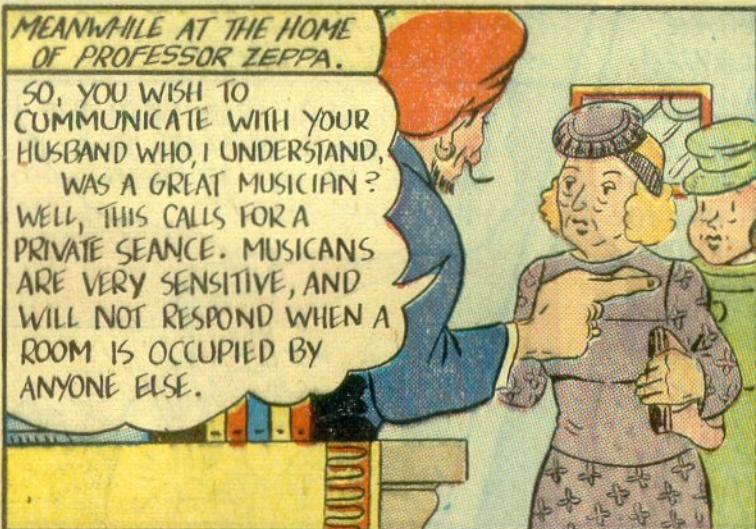


THAT'S MRS. HARRINGTON. HER HUSBAND WAS A FAMOUS MUSICIAN, WHO WAS BORN IN LENSVILLE. HE DIED SEVERAL YEARS AGO, AND LEFT A FORTUNE. IT'S A LEGEND OF LENSVILLE THAT SHE HAS THE MONEY HIDDEN, AND WON'T TOUCH IT, PREFERRING TO WORK. SHE'S A LITTLE ECCENTRIC.



MEANWHILE AT THE HOME
OF PROFESSOR ZEPPA.

SO, YOU WISH TO
COMMUNICATE WITH YOUR
HUSBAND WHO, I UNDERSTAND,
WAS A GREAT MUSICIAN?
WELL, THIS CALLS FOR A
PRIVATE SEANCE. MUSICIANS
ARE VERY SENSITIVE, AND
WILL NOT RESPOND WHEN A
ROOM IS OCCUPIED BY
ANYONE ELSE.



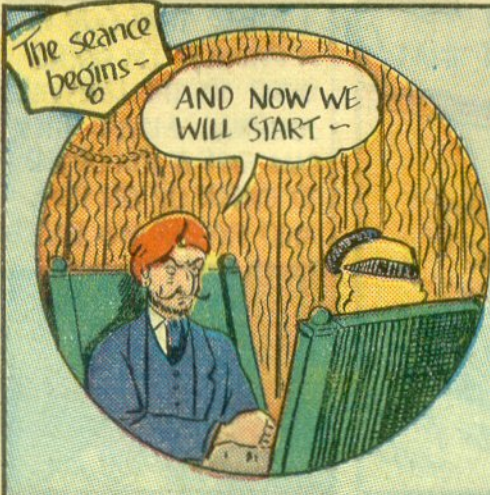
DO-DO-YOU THINK IT
WILL BE ALL RIGHT,
MARTHA?

WHY, CERTAINLY
GO AHEAD. I'LL
WAIT OUTSIDE.



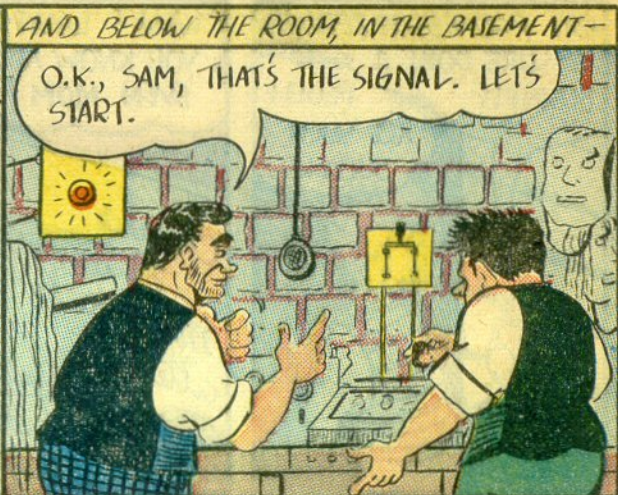
The seance
begins -

AND NOW WE
WILL START -



AND BELOW THE ROOM, IN THE BASEMENT -

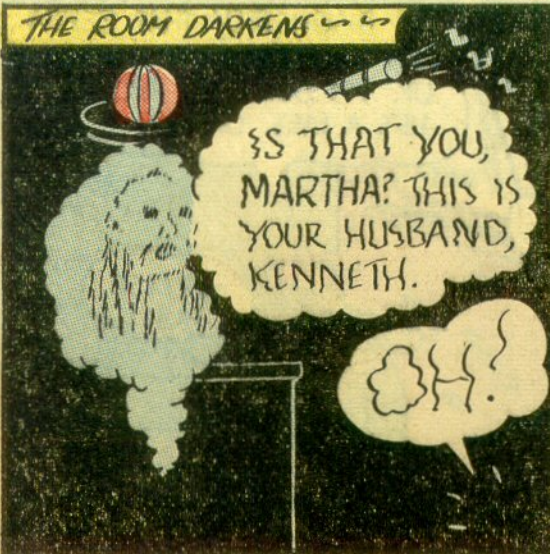
O.K., SAM, THAT'S THE SIGNAL. LET'S
START.



THE ROOM DARKENS

IS THAT YOU,
MARTHA? THIS IS
YOUR HUSBAND,
KENNETH.

OH?



I WILL LEAVE THE ROOM. YOU WILL
FEEL MORE COMPOSED, ALONE WITH
YOUR HUSBAND'S SPIRIT.

MY-MY
KENNETH!!



ALONE, MRS. HARRINGTON COMMUNES WITH HER HUSBAND'S SPIRIT.

MARTHA, ARE YOU WELL? THE MONEY I LEFT YOU SHOULD COME IN HANDY NOW. USE IT! BE HAPPY!

OH! NO, KENNETH. I WOULDN'T TOUCH IT. I HAVE IT HIDDEN IN YOUR VIOLIN CASE IN THE ATTIC. SOMEDAY I WILL DONATE IT TO MUSIC.

IN THE BASEMENT—

I HAVE IT HIDDEN IN YOUR VIOLIN CASE

LISTEN TO THAT! I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA. IT TOOK TIME, BUT WE CAN GRAB THAT DOUGH NOW.

THE GREAT ZEPPE NEVER FAILS, BUT TO AVOID SUSPICION, WE MUST CONTINUE THE SEANCES, AND THEN GRADUALLY STOP. AFTER THAT WE'LL GO AFTER THE MONEY—

OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO CHARLIE'S DARK ROOM—

YOU'RE CRAZY, CHARLIE. DEY WON'T LET CHA IN. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG.

I KNOW THAT, BUT I'M GOING IN A DISGUISE! I'M BORROWING THE CLOTHES FROM THE LENSVILLE HIGH DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

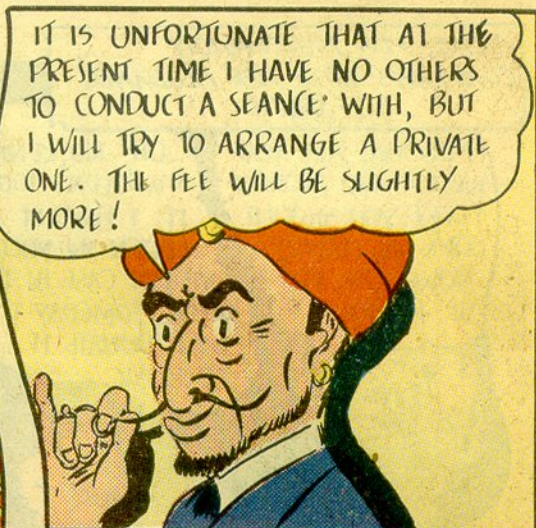
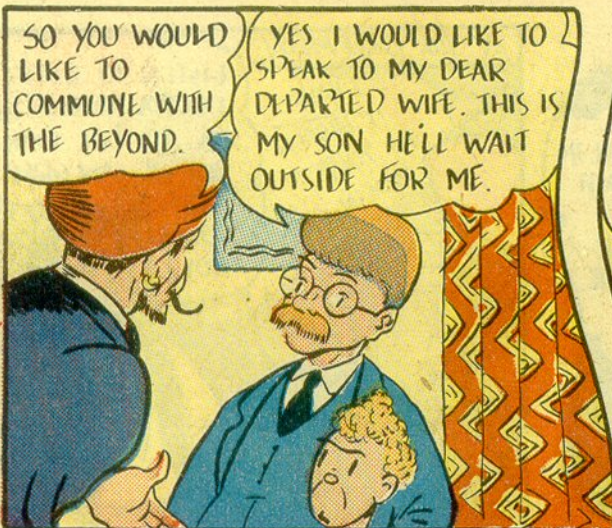
Later—

HOW DO I LOOK?

HI, YA, DOD!

AND HERE'S HOW I GET MY PROOF. I'VE GOT THE CAMERA CONCEALED. WITH INFRA RED FILM I CAN SNAP IT IN THE DARK. IF THERE'S ANYTHING PHONEY AT THE SEANCE, THE CAMERA WILL GET IT.

NOW, DON'T BE NERVOUS. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY SON.



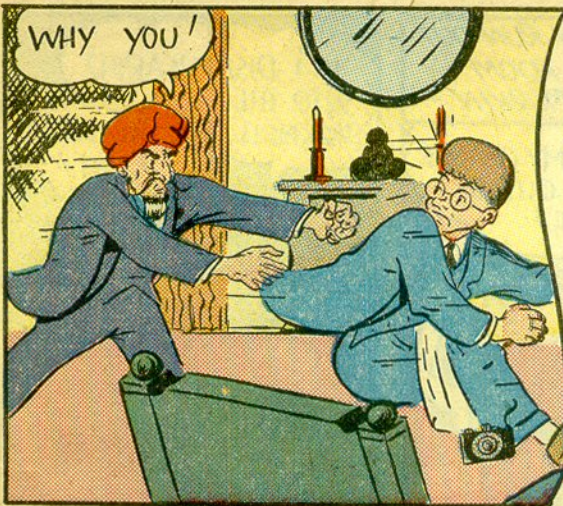
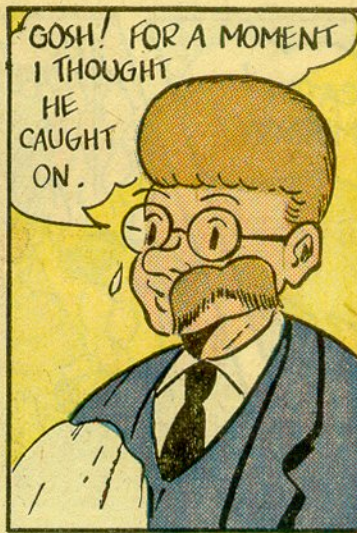
THE LIGHTS GO OUT--- THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH WEIRD MUSIC. STRANGE THINGS START TO FLOAT IN THE AIR, AND CHARLIE STARTS TO SNAP PICTURES.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR CHARLIE, THE SENSITIVE MICROPHONE IN THE ROOM IS OPEN, AND ---



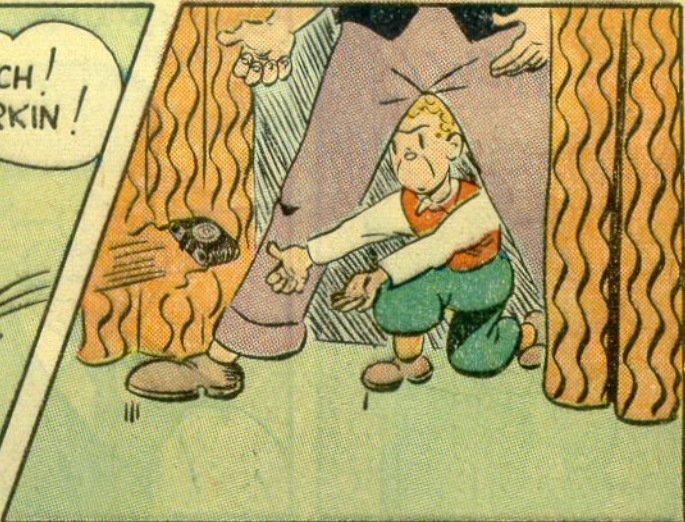
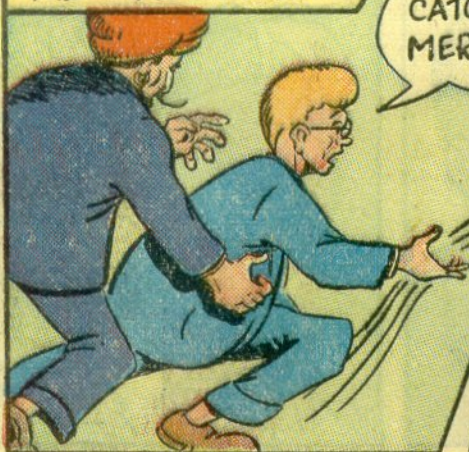
JOIN THE ROMP THROUGH LAUGHTER LAND
WITH THE FRISKY FABLES BAND.



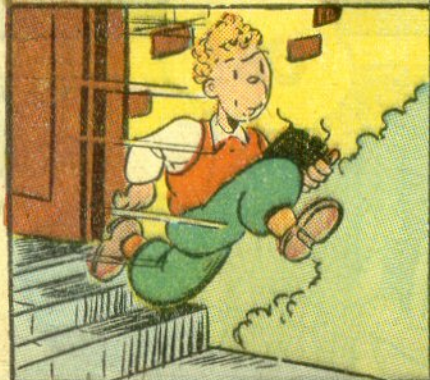
DO YOU LIKE THOROUGHLY EXCITING ADVENTURE?
THEN READ YOUNG KING COLE.

CHARLIE SCOOPS UP
THE CAMERA AND -

CATCH!
MERKIN!



BEFORE THEY REALIZE
WHAT HAPPENS, MERKIN
RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE -



AS THEY RUN OUT
OF THE ROOM
AFTER MERKIN -

NOW'S MY CHANCE
TO GET OUT OF
HERE!

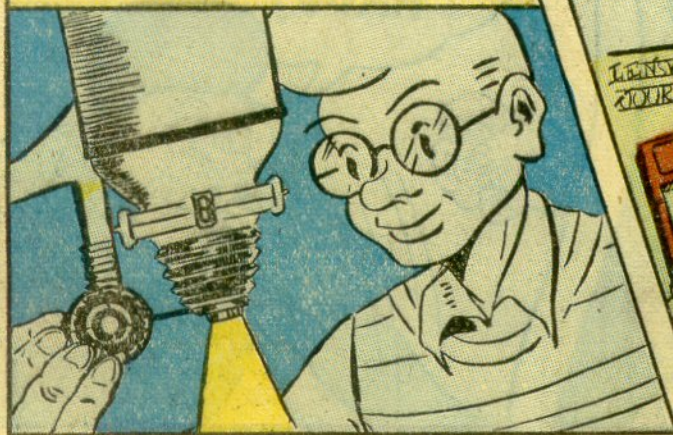


HE'S DISAPPEARED
INTO THE
DARKNESS.

THE LITTLE
RUNT!



CHARLIE QUICKLY GETS TO
WORK DEVELOPING AND
ENLARGING THE PICTURES -

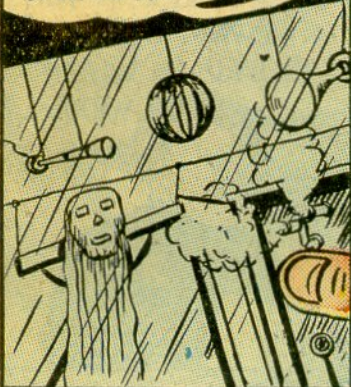


Next day -

MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE
YOU THAT THE PROFESSOR IS
A PHONEY!



I GOT THAT WITH
INFRA RED FILM.
IT PENETRATES
DARKNESS.



WELL, THIS PROVES
THAT HE WAS
A FAKE, BUT IT
DOESN'T MAKE
HIM A CRIMINAL.

MY MOTHER
WENT WITH
MRS. HARRINGTON
TO SEE ZEPPA
I'VE GOT A HUNCH
THEY GOT WIND
OF HER HIDDEN
FORTUNE. THOSE GUYS
CAN FIND OUT PLENTY
AT A SEANCE, AND
ANYTHING
CAN HAPPEN.



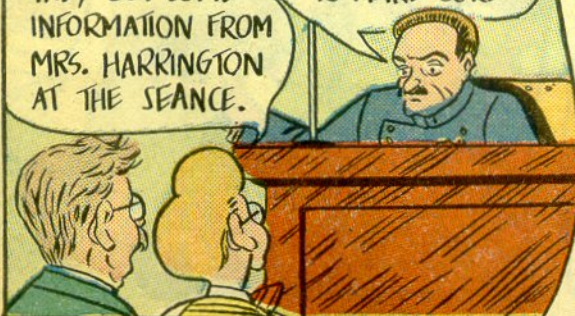
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING THERE.
LET'S GO DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS, AND
SEE WHAT THE
CHIEF SAYS.



Police
Headquarters

IT'S POSSIBLE
THEY GOT SOME
INFORMATION FROM
MRS. HARRINGTON
AT THE SEANCE.

DOESN'T SOUND POSSIBLE.
SHE'S NOT THE
TALKATIVE TYPE,
BUT I'LL CALL HER
TO MAKE SURE.



YE---SS-- I---ER---
I TALKED ABOUT THE FORTUNE--
I THOUGHT IT WAS KENNETH'S
SPIRIT... SNIFF- SNIFF!



WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, LET US
SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING AT
PROFESSOR ZEPPA'S.

MAYBE THAT GUY
GOT SOME PICTURES
WITH THAT
CAMERA.

WELL, WOT
ARE WE WAITIN'
FOR? LET'S
GO AFTER
THE DOUGH.

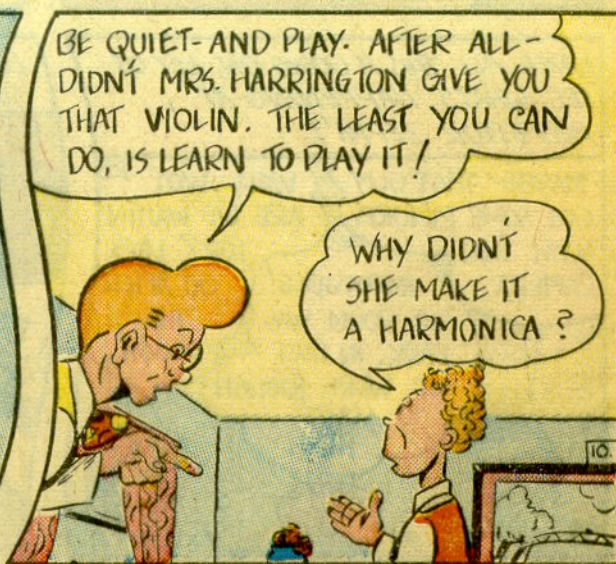
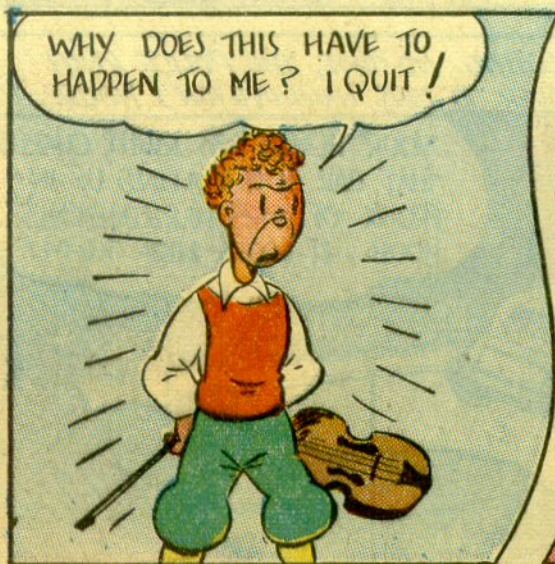
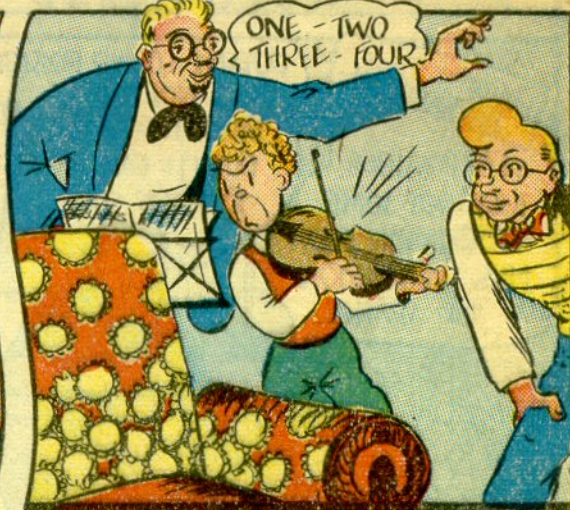
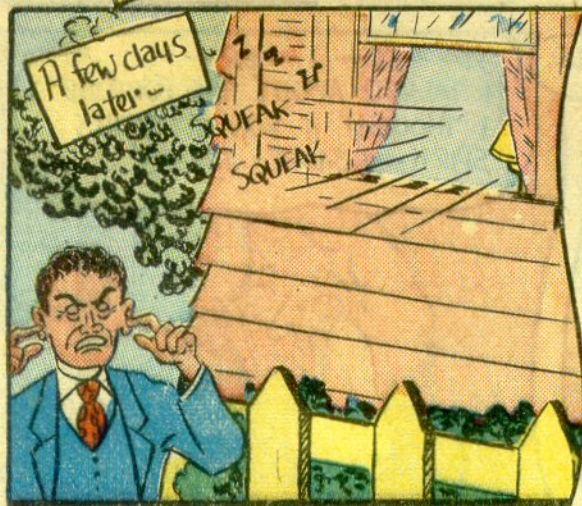
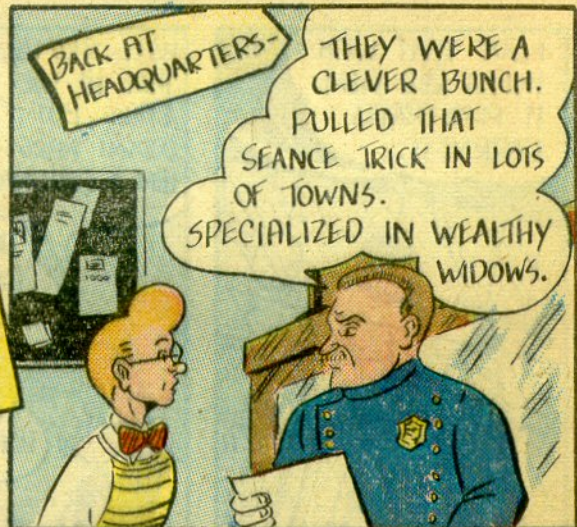
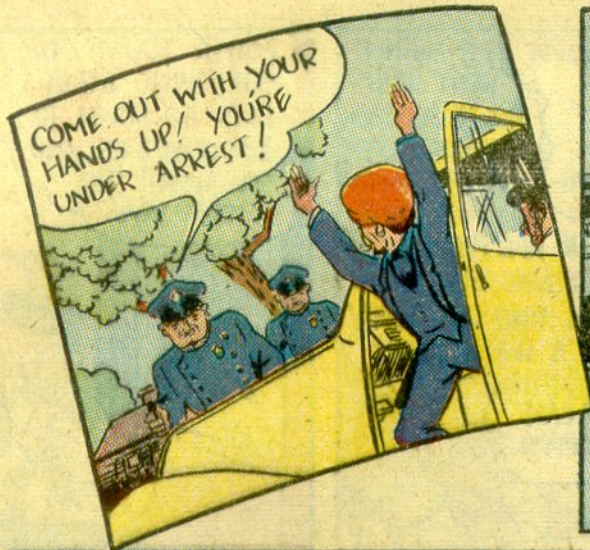
IMPOSSIBLE!
THE ROOM WAS
DARK. IN FACT
WE WERE FOOLISH
TO SCARE
HIM.



LOSING NO TIME, THE POLICE RUSH
OVER TO MRS. HARRINGTON'S HOUSE.

YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT, CHARLIE.
THAT CAR JUST PULLING UP IN
FRONT OF MRS. HARRINGTON'S
HOUSE. IT LOOKS LIKE THEM!





THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE BUT HE RUNS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK! HE WAS A PRISONER IN FRANCE FOR 22 YEARS, TREATED LIKE ROYALTY BY HIS JAILERS... BUT NO ONE EVER SAW HIS FACE!

MAYBE HE'S THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER WHO TRIED TO CLAIM THE THRONE!

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SOOTHING, DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS. THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY!

AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE AND ASK FOR SMITH BROTHERS, NOT JUST COUGH DROPS.



TRADE MARK

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



MARK



IF ON GLOOM YOU'D TURN THE TABLES,
BUY A COPY OF FRISKY FABLES.

Don't Miss Anything!

8 POWER MAGNIFYING TELESCOPE

COMPACT-FOLDING

**Styled Like the Army
and Navy Telescopes!**

Now you too can own a real telescope! One that's military styled just like those used on battleships and fighting fronts. It's amazing the action and close-up pictures you get through this powerful 8 power telescope. Just like having a front seat all the time. Folds compactly into 12 inches and the three sections open to 18 inches long . . . making it easy to carry and easy to see through in any kind of crowd. Wherever you go . . . carry this telescope with you.

Only
\$1.98
Complete

*See the
PLAY BY PLAY
Action
CLOSE-UP!*

HELPS YOU SEE 8 TIMES MORE THAN NORMAL VISION

Don't miss any of the fast action even if you are sitting in the last row. With this powerful little telescope you can easily keep your eye on the ball . . . see the knock-out punch . . . get a good look at the home coming hero . . . and for hunting it's swell for spotting game. There are hundreds of times you can use a telescope when you're too far away to see normally. You'll agree that the \$1.98 invested in this telescope was the best you ever made. Fill out and mail the coupon now!

PRECISION GROUND LENSES

Each magnifying lens put into this telescope is precision ground. Accuracy is the keynote in grinding the same as making the lens for a pair of glasses. Each is flawlessly clear so that vision will not be hampered in any way. We guarantee their clearness.

PLASTIC ENDS AND TUBING

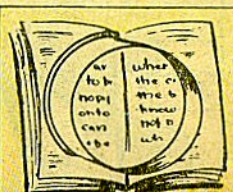
Sturdy construction to make this telescope lasting has been built-in. This isn't a toy but a practical, well-made telescope. The ends and sliding sections are made of plastic to insure long-lasting use. All joints are plastic . . . making them non-destructible. A real buy!

5 Day Examination

FREE

You must be satisfied . . . that's why we make this offer. You examine this telescope for 5 days and then if you don't feel it's worth \$1.98 you may return it to us and we will refund your money. A fair bargain.

Invenco Corp., P.O. Box 281, Church St. Annex, N.Y.C. 8



MAGNIFYING GLASS ATTACHMENT

A powerful magnifying glass attachment is right on your telescope. The large end is removable and the lens forms your magnifying glass. Handy to use for reading, stamp collections, etc.

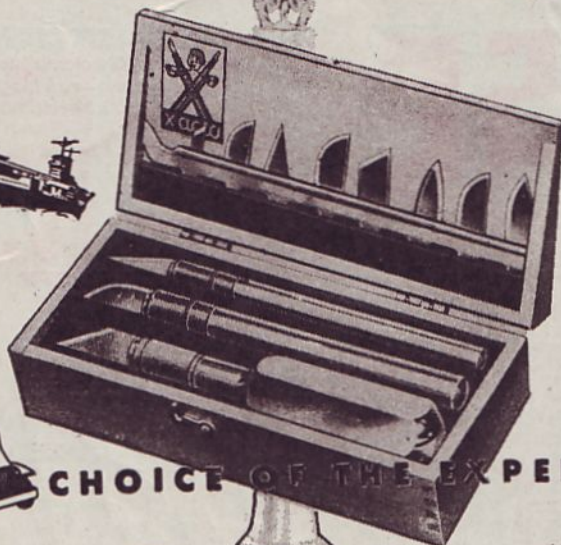
INVENCO CORP., Dept. PF-3
P. O. Box 281, Church St. Annex
New York 8, N. Y.

Your telescope sounds like a good buy. Please send me mine by return mail. Enclosed find \$1.98 in ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ C.O.D. (I agree to pay postage on C.O.D. orders). If I am not satisfied, I may return the telescope within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

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ADDRESS

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Make Better Models — Faster — Easier — **MORE FUN**



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Easy Projects
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structions in the FREE
BOOKLET.



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Package of 5
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3 X-ACTO knife handles
with 18 assorted steel
blades. Compact in wood-
en chest. Priced at \$3.50.

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Deluxe Champion Set**
Same as No. 82. All bur-
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and 20 assorted blades.
\$5.00. (See above)

No. 1—51



Kit No. 62
Double knife set, 2
handles and 12 as-
sorted blades.
Complete \$2.00

No. 2 or No. 52
Light and heavy duty
knives. Each complete
with 1 blade . . . 50c
each. Same knives with
5 blades . . . \$1.00 each.

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Whittlers' and Wood-
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New York 16, N. Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am
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☐ I will pay postman \$....., plus postage and C.O.D.
charges on arrival.

☐ Enclosed find \$..... in full payment. (No postage charge.)

X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82. \$3.50. ☐ Kit No. 83. \$5.00.

☐ Kit No. 62. \$2.00 ☐ No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c

☐ No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00 ☐ No. 2 (heavy)

with one blade 50c ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.

(No C.O.D.'s on orders under \$2.00.)

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RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN**



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Boys! Here's the Holster Set you've wanted. Big jeweled Cowboy Holster, "Texan-type" pistol, leather belt, kerchief and lariat. ALL for selling only one order of American Seeds.



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Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments— and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell only one order American Seeds.



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Big, husky 11-inch knife. Sell 1 order American Seeds.

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with carrying case. Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1 extra.



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a really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Given for selling one order.

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PEARL NECKLACES or other jewelry. Your choice for selling only one order.

"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET



for Men and Boys. Your name in gold.

SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.



Fullsize, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart," the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.



"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET

Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 compartment billfold.

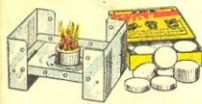
DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.



STURDY AXE with Leather Sheath Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell only one order of Seeds.



COOKIT Packet size folding stove and package of Heatabs for camp cooking, etc. All for selling one order

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- as explained in our BIG PRIZE BOOK
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- EENE AUTRY GUITAR
- FLASHLIGHT
- KITCHENWARE
- DISHES
- BOXING GLOVES
- ARCHERY SET
- TRAVELING CASE
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GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

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Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

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COVER NINA ALBRIGHT*

DICK COLE	JIM WILCOX*	14
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EDISON BELL	HAROLD DELAY	8
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E.B. HOW TO	RAY GILL*	1
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(MARY LELAND)	TEXT	1
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CADET	ALBRIGHT*	8
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MISC CARTOONS	B.G. GUTH*	1
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(PAM ROBINSON)	TEXT	2
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CANDID CHARLIE	B.G. GUTH*	10
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